



Geronimo Stilton

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

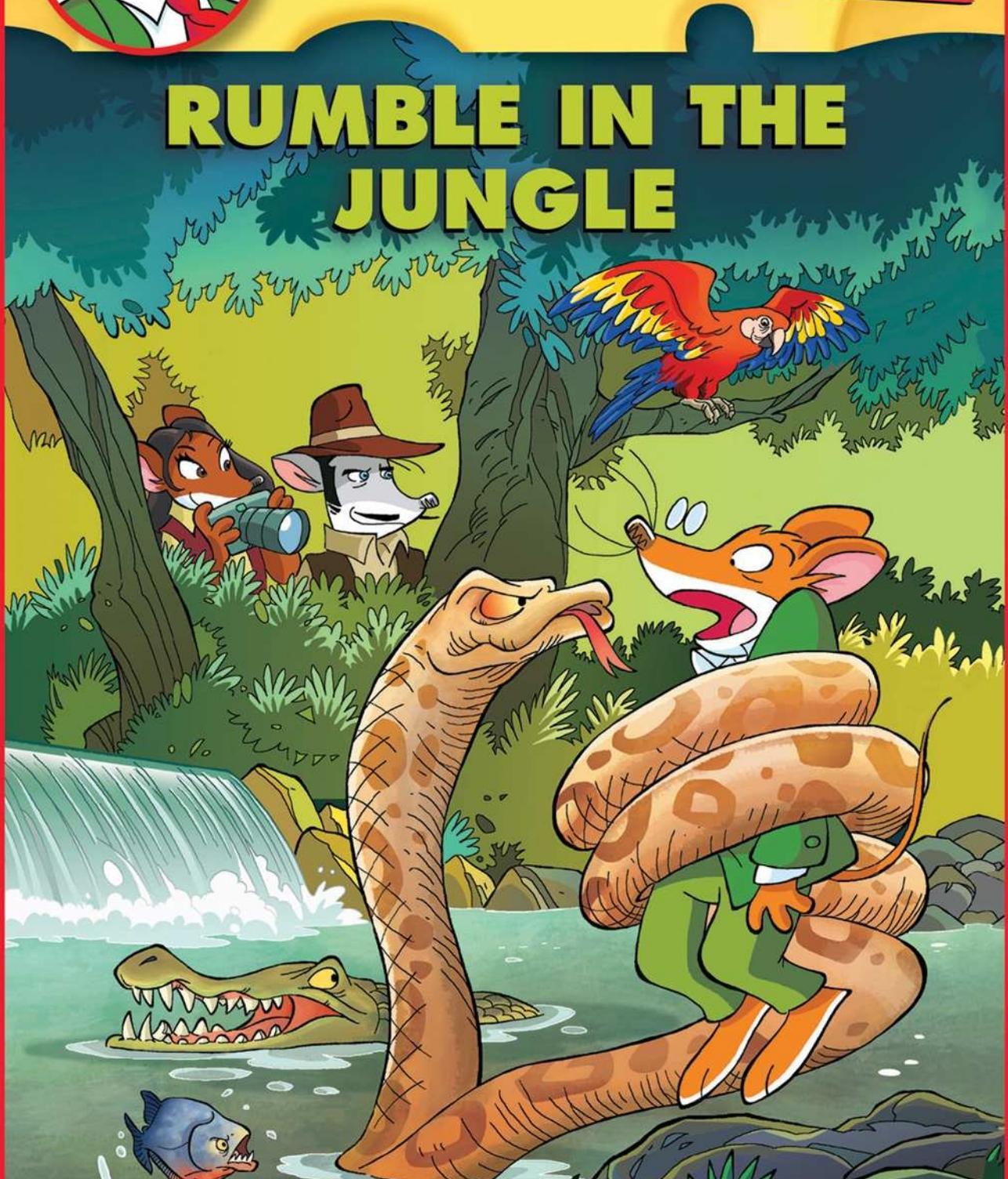


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Geronimo Stilton

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew

Geronimo Stilton

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE



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www.geronimostilton.com

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MY NAME IS GERONIMOOOOOOO!

Hello, dear rodent friends! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Stiloooooon!
Geronimooooooo Stilooooooooooooon!

I'm so sorry to introduce myself in such a rude way. I'm usually a **calm** and **peaceful** rodent with a **calm** and **peaceful** desk



MY NAME IS



GERONIMOOOOOO!

job in a **calm** and **peaceful** office in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island.

You're probably wondering why such a **calm** and **peaceful** mouse is holding on for dear life as his **SPEEDING** all-terrain vehicle zooms through a Brazilian **rain forest**. Actually, I'm asking myself the same thing! For the love of all things **cheesy**, what am I doing?



MY NAME IS



GERONIMOOOOOO!

The rain forest is full of **DANGEROUS** animals — I'm surrounded by untamed **nature**! What was I thinking? As you might have guessed, I'm in the middle of another one of my **incredible** adventures.

It started on an evening like any other evening...





HELLO FROM BRAZIL!

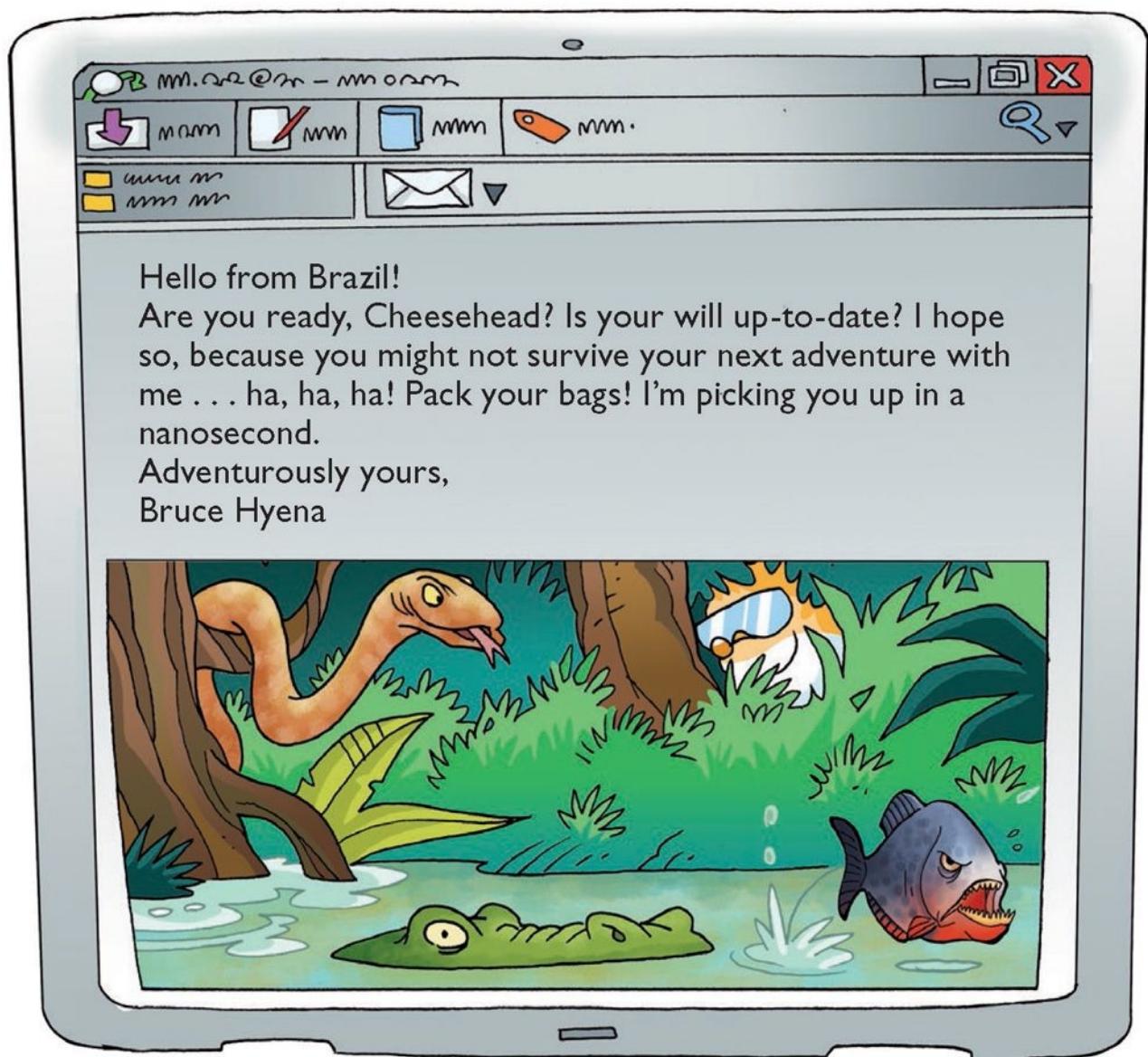
It was a **peaceful** evening and I was relaxing at home. I was sprawled out on my favorite **PawChair** next to the fireplace, sipping a cup of **HOT** chocolate. I put on my **cozy** slippers and the new **yellow** robe my aunt Sweetfur had given me. I was listening to **classical** music and checking my email on the **computer**. Suddenly, a new message popped up on the screen! Who could it be from?

When I opened the **email**, a photo of a tropical **RAIN FOREST** appeared. In the picture, I saw a ferocious-looking **snake**, an **alligator**, and a hungry-looking **PIRANHA** . . . yikes!





How scary! There was a message attached to the photo:





A second later, the doorbell **rang**.
DING DONG! DING DONG!
I **JUMPED** out of my chair, choking on my hot chocolate. In the process, I **spilled** the hot chocolate everywhere, **staining** my new robe. If that wasn't enough, my eyeglasses **SLIPPED OFF** my snout. For the love of **cheese**, I couldn't see a thing!

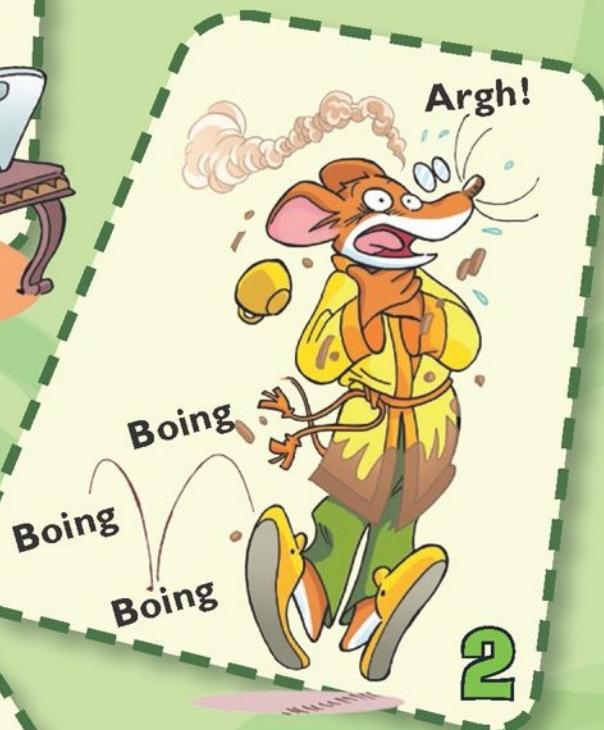
I heard a voice on the other side of the door shout, “Geronimoooooo! Are you ready, Cheesebrain?”

I **STAGGERED** toward the door, stumbling around in a total **fog**. Then I **tripped** on the rug, did a triple somersault, and landed headfirst in my **little red** fish Hannibal's glass bowl.

HOW I ENDED UP IN HANNIBAL'S BOWL!

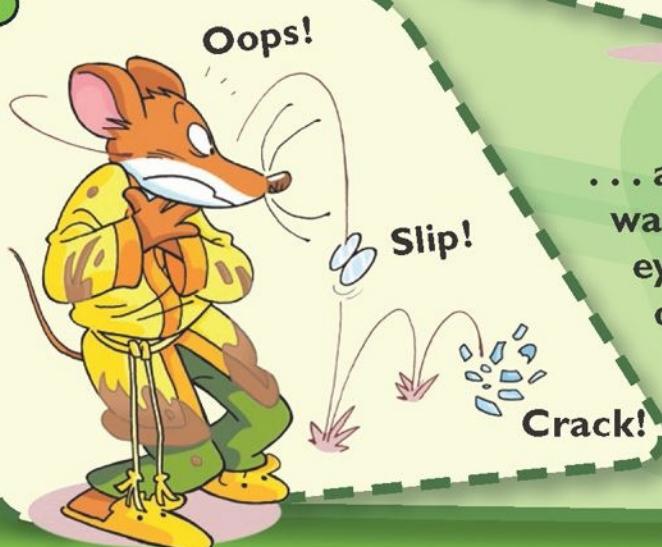


I jumped out of the chair and choked on the hot chocolate ...



... I spilled it everywhere, staining my new robe ...

3



... and as if that wasn't enough, my eyeglasses slipped off my snout!

4

Where am I?!



I staggered
toward the door,
stumbling around
in a total fog . . .

5

Ahhh!



. . . I tripped
on the rug and
did a triple
somersault . . .

. . . and landed
headfirst in
Hannibal's
bowl.

6

Glub!





ARE YOU READY, CHEESEHEAD?

The door **burst** open, and someone almost ran me over.

“Are you ready, Cheesehead?” the mouse **shouted** at me.

I wanted to ask, “Ready for what?” but instead it came out as “**CLUB!**”

Someone grabbed the bowl, and I heard him say, “You really are a **Cheesehead**, Geronimo!”

The mouse pulled the **bowl** off my head and I spit out the **water**. Then I stumbled around looking for my spare pair of glasses. After I found them, I **QUICKLY** checked to see if Hannibal was okay.

When I was sure my little **fish** was



swimming happily in his bowl again, I turned to see who had caused the **trouble**. A mouse as **massive** as a wardrobe and as **muscular** as a bodybuilder stood in front of me. He was **GRINNING** like a rodent who had just heard the funniest joke! He wore **MIRRORED** sunglasses, but I recognized him immediately. It was my friend **BRUCE HYENA**! Do you know him? He's the most **adventurous** mouse on Mouse Island. There's even an entire page in the *Encyclopedia of Adventure* **dedicated** to him!



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ADVENTURE



NAME: Bruce Hyena

NICKNAME: Hyena

FAVORITE FOOD: Pizza

WHAT HE LOVES BEST: Nature

WHAT HE BELIEVES: That every rodent should follow his dreams!

HIS DREAM: That one day, there will be peace in the world!

HIS FEARS: Absolutely nothing at all!

HIS CHARACTERISTICS: He always survives, wherever and whenever!

HIS STRENGTH: Leading a group on an adventure.

HIS WEAKNESS: He's secretly a mushy sentimentalist. And he has a big crush on Thea Stilton!

HIS FAVORITE SPORT:

He loves every sport, but he especially enjoys parachuting, triathlons, and other extreme sports.

OTHER INTERESTS: He reads poetry!





Bruce smiled **brightly**. “Hey, Cheese Puff, are you ready?” he asked.

“Huh? R-ready for what?” I **STAMMERED**.

“There’s no time to **explain**!” Bruce said hurriedly. “You’ll figure it out **eventually**! Now, enough talk . . . let’s get busy!”

As quick as **lightning**, he turned to my computer, clicked on the email icon, typed in my **password** (How did he know it? That’s supposed to be **TOP SECRET**!), and went into my **inbox**! He pointed to the message with the photo of the **snake**, the **PIRANHA**, and the **alligator**.

“Did you see this **email**?” he asked. “Are you ready?”

“I don’t know what I’m supposed to be **ready** for!” I exclaimed in frustration. “And how did you get into my **email**?”



“Easy, cheesy,” Bruce said with a chuckle. “I know your **PASSWORD**, Cheesehead!”

“But that’s supposed to be **TOP SECRET!**” I practically shouted.

He waved his cell phone under my snout.

“The other day, I accidentally — ahem, well, almost accidentally — **FILMED** you as you were typing the password. So now I know it! Your password is ‘**cheese**.’ Sorry to say it, Cheesehead, but that’s an **EXTREMELY EASY** one. You really should choose something a bit more **DIFFICULT**. Don’t you know anything about Internet **SECURITY**? ”

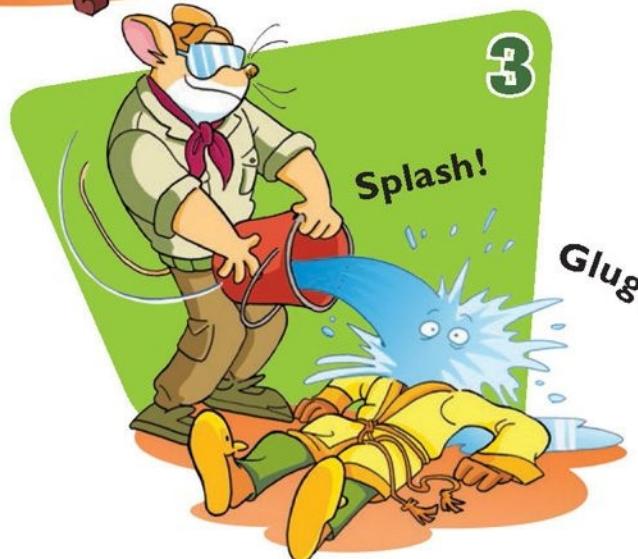
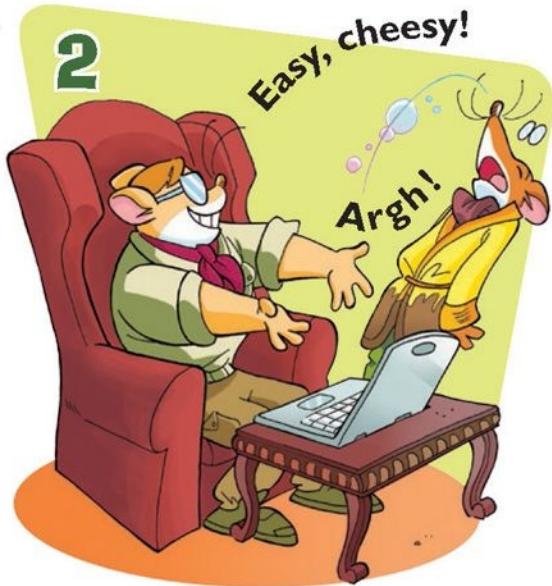
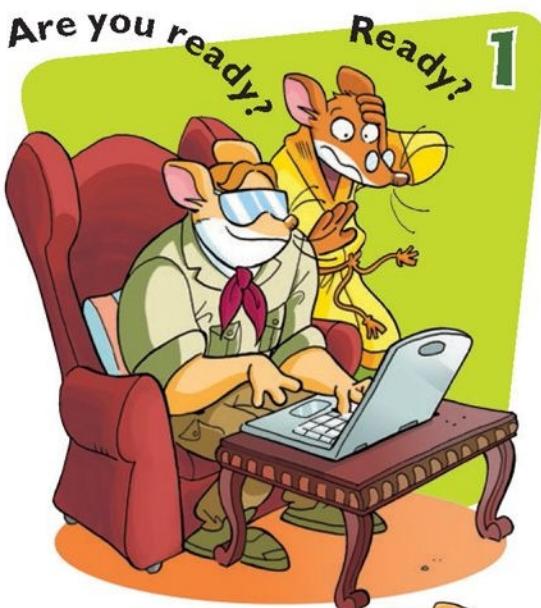
“But I — ” I started to reply, but Bruce cut me off.

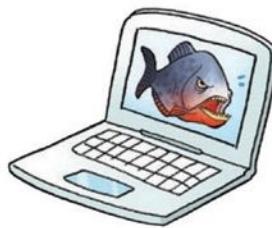
“No time for chitchat!” he said as he logged in to my personal **Mousebook** page (using my secret password **AGAIN!**). He



typed **FURIOUSLY** for a few seconds, and when I looked at the screen, he had **DELETED** everything I had ever posted!

“You erased **EVERYTHING**?” I exclaimed. I was so exasperated and **UPSET** that I passed out from the **shock**.





THE MOST AWESOME MOUSE EVER!

I came to because someone threw a pail of **cold** water on my snout. I opened my eyes and saw him again. It wasn't a **NIGHTMARE**. Bruce was still standing in the middle of my living room.

"Aren't you going to **thank** me?" he asked. "Aren't you happy I **DELETED** your Mousebook page? I did it for your own good, Cheesehead!"

"My own good?" I asked, **PERPLEXED**. "Don't look at me like that, Cheesehead!" Bruce said. "Your **Mousebook** page was **BORING**! All of your photos show a mouse in **elegant** jackets with **starched** shirts and **STUFFY** ties.



“You’re always sitting in a **BORING** office, and you only post about **BORING** things like books and antique cheese rinds. **BORING!** It was like any other Mousebook page.”

“But I —” I began to protest, but Bruce cut me off **again!**

“Don’t worry, Cheesehead!” he said with a **WILD** smile. “I have the solution! I’m going to replace your **BORING** old photos with some incredible action shots. Your Mousebook page will be **awesome** instead of **BORING**, and you’ll be the **most awesome mouse ever!**”

“But I am a **BORING** mouse!” I exclaimed. “We’ve known each other for such a long time, Bruce. You already know I’m a boring intellectual! I’m a **Shy** rodent who loves a quiet life! I’m not **VERY** adventurous,

Awesome...

Reckless...

Mysterious...

Mousey...

Quiet...

Shy...



Awesome and adventurouss!

No, very normaaaal!



or **VERY** awesome, or even a **little bit** awesome! I'm just a shy, **VERY** frightened mouse!"

Bruce slapped his paw on my shoulder so hard I winced.

"Don't worry, Cheesehead, I'll take care of that," he said. "You'll see. Soon your **Mousebook** page will be full of **EXTREMELY** adventurous photos!"

Then he grabbed the phone.

"Hi, is that you?" he asked. "Yeah, it's me. **She's** there, too? Is everything **ready**? Great! He's set to be picked up! What are you talking about? He's not going to refuse. **HA, HA, HA!** I just erased his Mousebook page and I'm holding all his archived **EMAILS** hostage. Keep the helicopter's motor warm, the snakes' antivenom cold, and prepare his last **will** and testament! In other words,



keep everything ready! See you later!"

He hung up and **SMILED** at me.

"Know who I was talking to? It was —"

An extremely **LOUD** noise, like a **helicopter** **FLYING** over my house, drowned out his words. In fact, it actually *was* a **helicopter**! An instant later, someone opened a **trapdoor** in the attic (which I didn't even know existed!) and came down a **ROPE**!

Slimy Swiss cheese!

A rodent with a bright



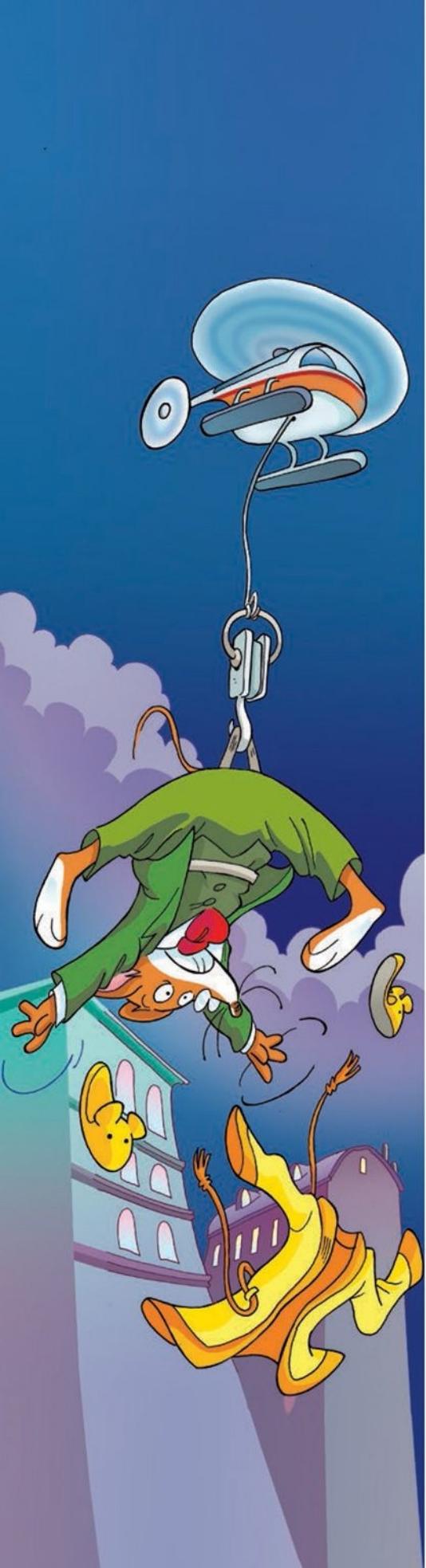
smile and magnetic **jade-green** eyes landed in front of me with an **agile** leap.

I recognized him immediately. It was **Wild Willie**, also known as **WW**! What was he doing in my living room? I didn't have time to answer my own question because another rodent with an even brighter smile and **penetrating** eyes as **black** as coal landed with a **GRACEFUL** jump at his side. It was his cousin Maya! I barely knew her.

What was happening?

Bruce greeted them with **VIGOROUS** handshakes.

“Take lots of **PHOTOS** and make sure there are lots of **ADVENTURES**, okay?” he told them. “Snakes, alligators, spiders, and, as long as you’re there, **SCORPIONS**, too. They always make for a **GOOD SHOW!**”



“You can count on it!” Wild Willie answered as he gave Bruce one of his super-intense **LOOKS**. “Don’t **WORRY**. By the time he gets back, this **rookie** will have the most **ADVENTUROUS** photos on **Mousebook**! They’ll be photos that will make every mouse **wildly** jealous — well, if he comes back **alive**, that is!”

Before I could **squeak** a response, Wild Willie, Maya, and Bruce tied my belt to a **strange** contraption, and in an instant, I was pulled up



into the air like a bag of cheese puffs.

Zuuuuuuup!

I **zipped** out through the attic window, **over** my roof, and up to a helicopter.

As I was hoisted aboard, Bruce **SHOUTED** to me from below.

“You’ll see, **Cheesehead**, you’ll have lots of fun! A trip in the most **ADVENTUROUS** country in the world awaits: You’re going to **BRAZIL**! And you’ll come back with the most **amazing** photos ever!”

“Wh-why aren’t you coming with us?” I **shouted** back with a stammer.

“I can’t!” he replied in a **BOOMING** voice. “I’m competing in the Parachuting World Championship. Wild Willie and Maya will take care of you. **RELAX!** You’re in good hands. And remember, Cheesehead: When they take your picture, **smile!**”



DESTINATION: ADVENTURE!

The helicopter **WHIRLED** toward the airport at **WARP** speed. We boarded a **LARGE** plane headed nonstop to Brazil.

It was a **very LONG** trip. You probably know Brazil is located in South America, but you probably don't know how **far** it is from New Mouse City. Let me tell you, it's really, really **far**!

Wild Willie sat on my right, and Maya was on my left. As the plane took off, Wild Willie opened a **tourist guide** to Brazil and began to read.

“Hey, rookie,” he said, “Did you know that Brasília, Brazil’s capital, is very **MODERN**? It didn’t even exist before



1956, when it was built. And it officially became the capital of Brazil in 1960. If you look down on the city from above, it's shaped like an **AIRPLANE!**"

I tried to make an **INTELLIGENT** remark, but Wild Willie continued without pausing, "You know, rookie, in just a few days Rio de Janeiro will host the most famouse **CARNIVAL** in the entire world."



DESTINATION: BRAZIL!



Location: South America

Capital: Brasília

Area: Brazil covers 3,287,612 square miles.

Population: More than 196 million people

Official Language: Portuguese

Characteristics: Brazil is the home of many natural wonders, such as the Amazon rain forest, which makes up more than half of the world's remaining rain forests.



“That’s **awesome**!” Maya exclaimed. “It’s impossible to get **bored** in Brazil! The country is rich in man-made and **natural** wonders: We’ll tour the Iguazu Falls, the Amazon rain forest, and even the Pantanal! That’s a tropical wetland that hosts lots of **different** plants and animals. There are snakes, spiders, alligators, and even piranhas!”

“Snakes? Spiders? Alligators? Piranhas?” I asked. I was beginning to **PANIC**. “I want to go **HOOOOOOOME!**”

Wild Willie pretended he hadn’t heard me.

“Rookie, did you know that Brazil is full of *fazendas*, or



Juscelino Kubitschek
Bridge in Brasília



Iguazu Falls



Jabiru bird



farms, where livestock are raised and **COCONUT TREES**, **Bananas**, **PAPAYAS**, **Pineapples**, **SUGAR CANE**, and *citrus fruit* are grown? We'll visit my friends Joao and Ana's *fazenda*. Excited yet?"

All those facts were making my head **SPin**.

After a while, Wild Willie and Maya's voices started to **FADE**, and my eyelids became **heavier** and **heavier**.

But Wild Willie continued **chattering** in my ear.

"Rookie, did you know there are **LOTS** of indigenous people living in Brazil, including my friends the **Bororo**?" He went on and on.

Maya, on the other hand, was trying to **TEACH** me Portuguese, the language spoken in Brazil.



But I wasn't listening anymore. I closed my **EYES** and was lulled to **SLEEP** by the drone of the plane's motor.





I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING!

I was awakened by a **female** mouse's voice speaking an unfamiliar language.

*“Bem-vindo ao Brasil, senhor!”**

It was the flight attendant. When she realized I didn't **understand**, she used hand gestures to tell me I had to **get off** the plane.



* “Bem-vindo ao Brasil, senhor!” means “Welcome to Brazil, sir!”



We had landed in Brazil! I looked **around** me and realized I was alone. “Wild Willie! Maya!” I **SHOUTED**, **panicking**. “Where are you?”

I wanted to ask the flight attendant if she had seen them leave, but I didn’t know the language!

Why, why, oh why hadn’t I learned Portuguese?

Maya had tried to teach it to me during the flight, but I had fallen asleep like a fool!

Why, why, oh why hadn’t I forced myself to stay awake?

The flight attendant kept **staring** at me, so I got off the plane. I went out into the **AIRPORT** and looked around, hoping to find Maya and Wild Willie in the crowd.

Where had they gone?

I couldn’t find them anywhere. The airport

HERE'S BRASÍLIA!



- 1. International airport
- 2. Zoo
- 3. Stadium
- 4. Meteorological observatory
- 5. Hospital
- 6. TV tower
- 7. National theater
- 8. Cathedral
- 9. Itamaraty Palace
- 10. National Congress
- 11. Alvorada Palace
- 12. University of Brasília

Brasília replaced Rio de Janeiro as the capital of Brazil in 1960. The new capital city was built on a massive plateau in the State of Goiás, which is located in the center of the country. The Brazilian architect Lúcio Costa designed Brasília in the shape of an airplane to signify the city's readiness to fly into the future. Every area in the city has a particular function. For example, the city's major monuments, attractions, and government buildings are located within the body of the airplane, while stores and homes are found in the wings. The Brazilian capital is the only UNESCO World Heritage Site city built in the twentieth century.



security guard kept **staring** at me, so I left the airport and started to walk. I walked and walked. **Holey cheese!** There was so much to see. Brasília was a truly **MARVELOUS** city!

I began to search for Wild Willie and Maya in all the public **parks**, **streets**, and **tourist attractions** in Brasília. I walked through the city far and wide until my paws were so **tired** and **HOT** they started to **smoke**! In a final desperate move, I even climbed a very **tall** television tower, though I have a fear of **HEIGHTS**. But they weren't there, either!

With my tail between my legs, I came down the tower feeling **dejected** and **sad**. I was a **lonely** mouse in an unfamiliar city. What was I going to do? Suddenly, my



I DON'T UNDERSTAND



ANYTHING!

heart **JUMPED**. Through the crowd, I thought I saw a rodent wearing a **wide-brimmed** hat. Holey cheese, it looked just like Wild Willie's **hat**! I tried to catch up to the rodent, but I slipped on the **WET** sidewalk.

I **SLID** the entire length of the sidewalk, did a triple **somersault** through the air, and fell to the ground with a loud **thud**.

An ambulance took me to the **hospital**. I tried to explain what had happened, but no one could **understand** me, and I



I DON'T UNDERSTAND



ANYTHING!

couldn't **understand** them, either!

Why, why, oh why hadn't I learned Portuguese?

After my trip to the hospital, there was one thing I did understand, though. I had sprained a paw. (It was very, very **PAINFUL!**)

I also was beginning to understand that I probably wasn't going to find my **friends** in Brasília. I remembered they had talked about **RIO DE JANEIRO**. Maybe that's where they had **HEADED**. . . .

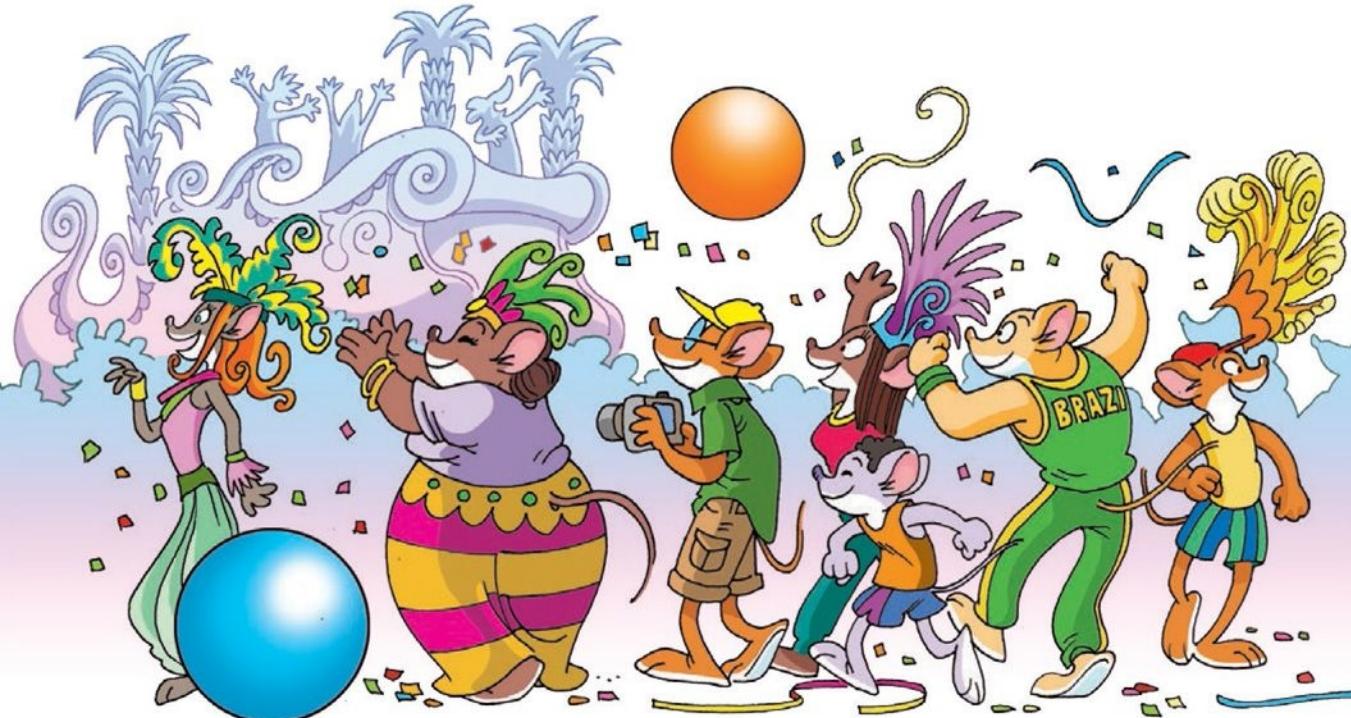




CARNIVAL IN RIO!

I bought a plane **ticket** and took the first flight to Rio de Janeiro. While I was in line to board the plane, I had the **sensation** that I was being followed. How **odd**!

A **surprise** awaited me in Rio. The **carnival** had begun! As soon as I got off the plane, I was overwhelmed by a jubilant crowd **singing** and **dancing** the





samba as they followed very **bright** and **cheerful** floats moving slowly down the streets.

I tried to get away from the crowds, but it was impossible. The dancing rodents **DRAGGED** me into the thick of things like a rushing river! At one point, I again had the **sensation** that I was being followed. In fact, I was positive I felt someone tug my **JACKET**! But when I turned around quickly, I didn't see anything suspicious.





After hours and hours in that throng of rodents, I saw a **SIGN** for a hotel. I hurried in and tried to get a room for the night. But no one could **UNDERSTAND** me, and I didn't **UNDERSTAND** anything, either.

Why, why, oh why hadn't I learned Portuguese?

I was finally able to communicate with gestures.

The following morning I went down to the hotel lobby to **pay** for my room. But when I reached for my credit card, I almost

had a heart attack. My wallet was no longer in my **pocket**!

The hotel **manager** was very **ANNOYED**. He grabbed me by the ear and said something to me in Portuguese. Even



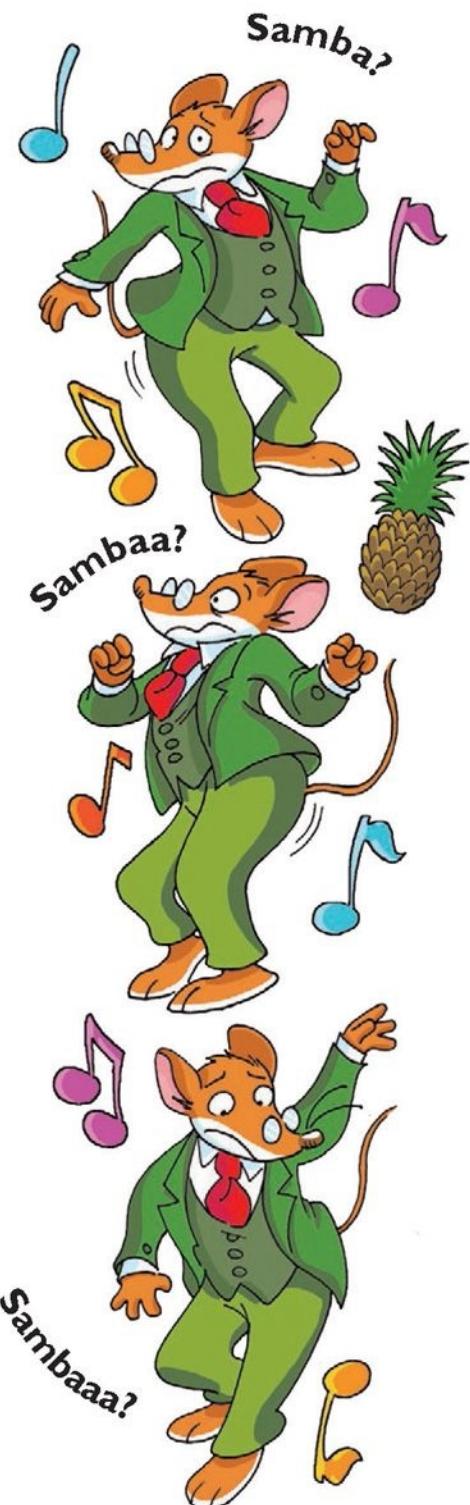


though I didn't **UNDERSTAND** the language, I could tell he meant something like: "You wanted to have a vacation for free, huh? Dream on! You're going to pay every cent you owe, penny by penny!"

The hotel manager passed me over to the **cook**. The cook didn't need any words to communicate . . . he just showed me the sinkful of **dirty dishes**. I washed and washed and washed for the entire day. But that wasn't all. I had to unload the **LUGGAGE** and make all the **beds**! By nightfall, I thought I had paid off my debt. But the **BEST** was yet to come.

With a big kick under my tail, the cook sent me back to the kitchen. He turned





on some **lively** music and began showing me the steps to the **samba**.

“Um e dois! Um e dois! Um e dois!” The cook **counted** in Portuguese.

He made me **WIGGLE** and **sway** over and over again.

I couldn’t figure out why he wanted me to learn the **samba**, but I tried my best. Too bad I don’t have a sense of **RHYTHM**! As far as the **WIGGLE** and **sway** was concerned, no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn’t do it. When it comes to dancing, I have **two left paws!**



After what seemed like an eternity, the cook dragged me out of the hotel. A **HUGE** Carnival float was waiting.

Finally, I understood why the cook had taught me to **samba**. I was going to have to ride on the float through one of the Carnival parades, **dancing** the samba the entire time! The cook urged me to get onto the float.

What else could I do?

So I climbed on board, and the float began to move into the crowded streets. I danced the **samba** as well as I could, but I was still really, really **TERRIBLE**.

How embarrassing!

The crowd seemed to enjoy my **dancing**, though, because they threw **coins** at me as a tip. **What good luck!** Maybe now I could pay for my hotel room and get out of Rio!



WHAT BEAUTIFUL WATERFALLS!

Luckily, it was the last day of the Carnival. The following morning at **DAWN**, my debts were paid and I was free to go. I counted the coins I had received as tips for my **TERRIBLE** samba dancing, and it was enough to buy an airplane **TICKET**. I decided to leave Rio to **LOOK** for Wild Willie and Maya in another place they had talked about: the **Iguazu Falls!**

Full of **HOPE**, I headed to the airport and bought a ticket to Foz do Iguaçu International Airport. Once I arrived there, I boarded an **overcrowded** bus brimming with tourists. When we finally got to the falls, I was overwhelmed.



Holey cheese, what a **FABUMOUSE** sight! The water from the river **tumbled** down from incredible heights, forming **swirling** eddies below. The noise the water made was a deafening **ROAR**. I was speechless. For an instant, I again had the feeling that I was being watched, and I had the distinct impression that someone was **FOLLOWING** me. But when I looked closely at the tourists around me, everyone looked perfectly normal. Was the **cheese** slipping off my **cracker**?





I scrutinized each face in the crowds around the falls, hoping to find Maya and Wild Willie. No luck! I quickly checked the parking lot, looking for them there. No luck! Then I peeked into every store, coffee shop, and souvenir stall I could find. **NO LUCK!** I even checked the bathrooms, but there wasn't even the **SHADOW** of my two friends.

With a sigh I went back to the pier and walked along the **FOOTBRIDGE**, where I could admire the falls a bit more closely. I stopped at a lookout point to enjoy the **beautiful** scenery.

I was just squeaking aloud about the falls when someone accidentally bumped into me — and I **TUMBLED** into the water!

“**What beautiful waterfaaaaalls!**”



Geronimo



The **RUSHING** current swept me under the falls. I tried desperately to get to the surface, but as soon as I came up, the **ENORMOUSE** swell of the water pushed me right under again with a **tremendous** crashing noise. It sounded like thousands of jackhammers drilling at the same time!

I finally came to the surface, gasping for air. I found myself in a calm pool at the foot of the **falls**. I bobbed in the water, looked around, and saw a boat coming closer to rescue me. **I was saved!**

I raised my arms and waved them wildly. “I’m alive!” I shouted. “I’ll be fine! Everything is oka —”

But at that very moment, one of the **RESCUERS** threw a lifesaver at me. It hit me on my head so **hard** it knocked me under the water again.



GLUB!

I came up for air and whispered, “Great shot!”

Then I

FAINTEED.

1

Everything is oka —



2

Glub!





WHAT GOOD LUCK!

When I came to, I found myself in a hospital bed **AGAIN**! A polite doctor tried to tell me something, but I **couldn't understand** anything she was saying!

Why, why, oh why hadn't I learned Portuguese!



* “Como vão as coisas?” means “How is it going?”



Through hand gestures, the doctor made me understand I was a very **fortunate** mouse: I had survived falling over the Iguazu Falls with only an **ENORMOUSE** bump on my head! It could have been **MUCH, MUCH** worse!

After a few hours, I was discharged from the hospital and found myself again roaming the **STREETS** alone. I was miserable and didn't know what to do. Where were Wild Willie and Maya?

SUDDENLY, I remembered that in the plane they had spoken about the Pantanal, the largest tropical **wetland** in the world. I even remembered that their friends **Joao and Ana** lived on a *fazenda* in the Pantanal! **Holey cheese**, why didn't I think of it sooner! Wild Willie and Maya had to be there!



I went back to the airport to buy a **TICKET** to Cuiabá, the largest city and capital of Mato Grosso, the state where the Pantanal is located. Unfortunately, I didn't have any more **cash** (or my wallet), but I had become so **GOOD** at making myself understood with hand gestures that I was able to pay for the ticket directly from my bank account.

After a **SCARY** ride on a **shaky** plane, I landed in Cuiabá. As soon as I got out of the airport, I was immediately **surrounded** by a group of rodents vying to be my tour guide. Unfortunately, since all of my cash was gone, I had to settle for a lift on a truck packed with **sheep**. And the ride wasn't even free. I had to pay for it with my **watch**!

The **stinky** truck full of sheep bounced along the Transpantaneira, the long dirt



road that crosses the Pantanal. The **stench** was **ATROCIOSUS**!

After a couple of miles, the truck driver stopped and made me get off. Using hand gestures, he made me understand that he had **arrived** at his destination, so I had to proceed . . . on paw!

I tried to complain (after all, I had given him my **watch** to pay for the ride), but he didn't understand me.





Why, why, oh why hadn't I learned Portuguese!

So I began walking as the **SUN** set on the highway. I had been walking an hour or so, and I was losing hope of ever finding the *fazenda* when I saw a rodent on a horse riding toward me.

He was **TALL** and **STRONG** with shiny fur and eyes that **sparkled**. I **sputtered** out some words, trying to make myself understood.

“My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*,” I squeaked. “*Fazenda . . . Joao . . . Ana . . .*”

He laughed **loudly** and pointed to himself.

“Thiago!”

By gestures, I understood he was one of Joao and Ana's friends. He also lived at the *fazenda*. **WHAT GOOD LUCK!** After all



my adventures, I couldn't believe my good fortune. Finally, something on this trip was going right!

Thiago helped me up onto the horse behind him, and together we **RODE** to Joao and Ana's. When I was introduced to Ana, I was delighted to find she spoke English. I was finally able to ask someone for some **news** about Wild Willie and Maya!

But to my dismay, my friends were not at the *fazenda*, and Joao and Ana hadn't heard from them, either. I was so **DEPRESSED** I could have cried!

Ana understood immediately and tried to cheer me up by offering a delicious **treat** she had prepared with her own hands: *manjar branco**. The **WHISKER-LICKING GOOD** pudding immediately put me in a good mood!

* *Manjar branco* is coconut pudding, a traditional Brazilian dessert.

MANJAR BRANCO



Ingredients for pudding:

- 4 cups whole milk
- 1 cup coconut milk
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Ingredients for syrup:

- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 1 cup pitted dried prunes

Combine the whole milk, coconut milk, sugar, cornstarch, and vanilla in a small pot. With an adult's help, place the pot on the stove on medium heat and mix the ingredients with a wooden spoon until the mixture thickens, about 15 minutes. Grease a bunting pan with a drop of oil and pour the pudding into it. Let it cool and set in the refrigerator for three hours. To make the syrup, combine the sugar, water, and dried prunes in a small pot. With an adult's help, bring it to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer on low heat for 15 minutes. When the pudding is set, carefully invert it onto a plate. Garnish with the syrup, and enjoy sharing your dessert!

“Geronimo, why don’t you stay here for a couple of days and **rest**?” Ana asked as I ate the *manjar branco*. “You could give us a hand with the chores on the *fazenda*, and while you’re at it, you could also **LEARN** a little Portuguese. I’d be happy to teach you. And the **FRESH AIR** and **healthy living** will be good for you!”

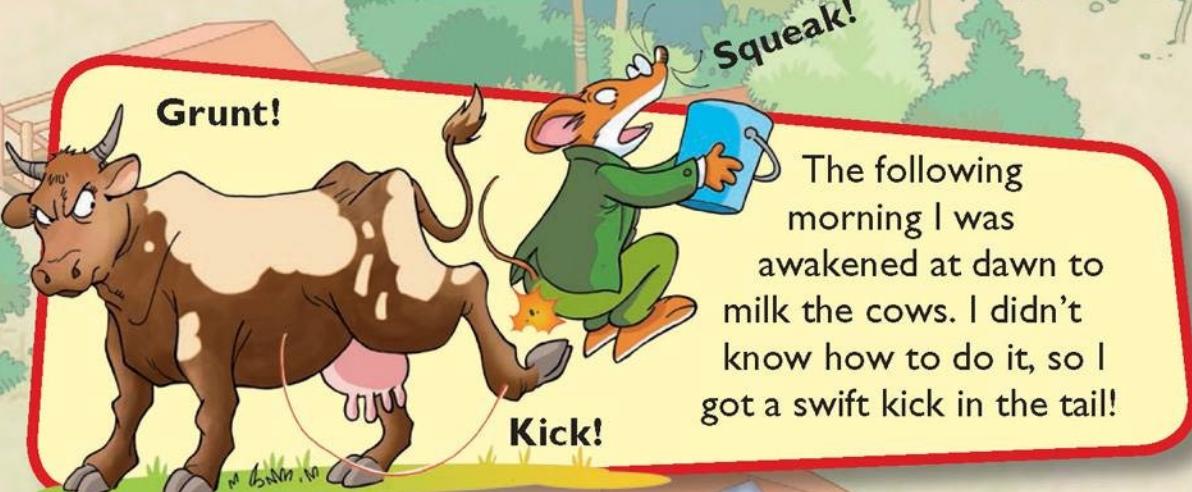


I gladly accepted the invitation.
“Thank you!” I told Ana. “Actually, I’m **very tired**, and I really must learn some Portuguese. And yes, I’m sure the **FRESH AIR** will be good for me!”

But as usual, I didn’t know what I was in for. . . .

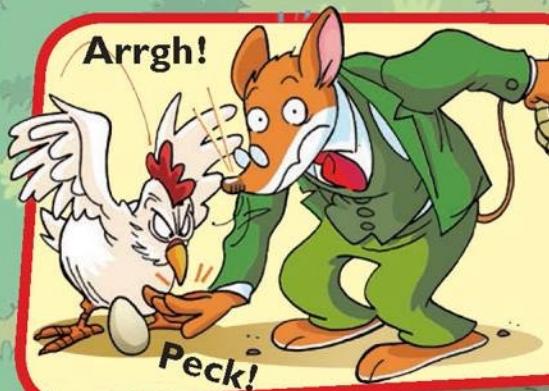


FRESH AIR AND HEALTHY LIVING!

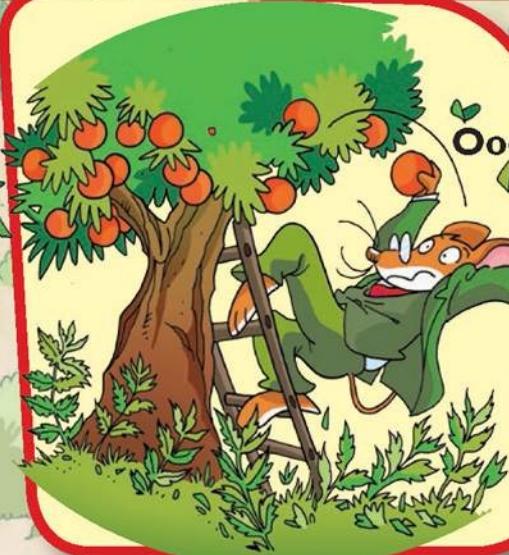


The following morning I was awakened at dawn to milk the cows. I didn't know how to do it, so I got a swift kick in the tail!

I weeded the garden, and a bee stung me on the tail!



I looked for eggs under the chickens, but they pecked my paws!



Oops!

I gathered the oranges in the fruit grove, but I fell down the ladder and into a patch of poison ivy. I couldn't stop scratching!



I brushed the horses,
but one stomped on my
left paw.

ZZZZZZZZZZ!



By nightfall I was so exhausted I fell asleep on top of a fence...
**so much for fresh air
and healthy living!**



VAMOOOOOOS!

At the *fazenda*, I learned to appreciate the hard work that goes into farming, and the beauty of the countryside as well. Thanks to Ana, I finally learned a little Portuguese. **I felt so much more confident!** Armed with this knowledge, I was ready to start off again in search of Wild Willie and Maya.

Ana and Thiago suggested I look for them in the **Bororo** villages in the heart of the Pantanal. I told Ana I wanted to leave the next day.

“Before you go, we’d like to take you to a restaurant,” she told me. “What do you want to **EAT?**”

“Well, how about some **local food?**” I suggested.

VAMOOOOOS!



Ana and Thiago exchanged an **ODD** look.
“Are you sure?” Ana asked. “Do you *really* want to taste **local food**?”

I was **puzzled**.

“Of course,” I replied. “Why wouldn’t I?”

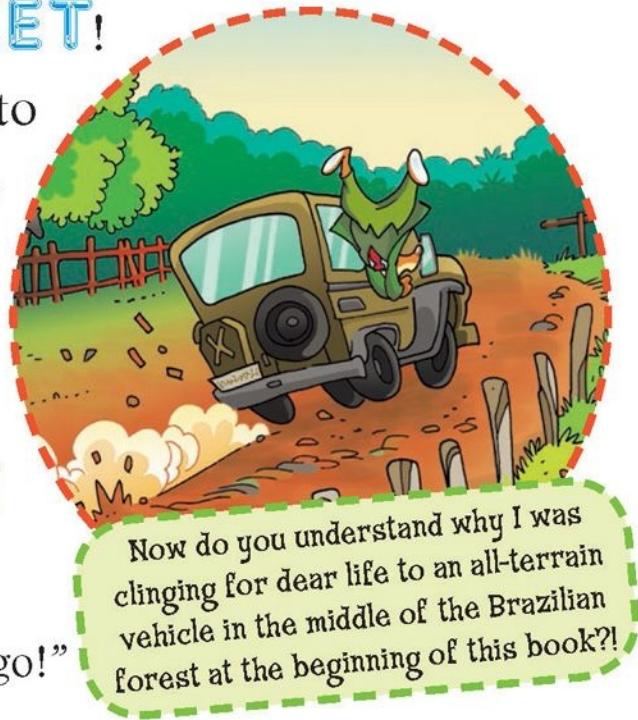
They both cheered happily.

“Then *vamos**!” Thiago exclaimed.

Then they jumped into their **ALL-TERRAIN VEHICLE** as if they were being chased. I still had my paw on the door handle when Ana shifted into gear and took off like a **ROCKET**!

I clung desperately to the handle as we **sped** off. I opened my mouth to yell, but a **MOSQUITO** flew in and I started **coughing** nonstop instead.

* “*Vamos!*” means “Let’s go!”



VAMOOOOOS!



Ana's vehicle **ZOOMED** down the dirt road, which was a nightmare of potholes and **MUD PUDDLES**. Holey Swiss cheese! I could hear her laughter through the window.

"I love to drive on **dirt** roads!" Ana squeaked cheerfully. "Vamooooooooooooos!"

The radio was blasting samba music and the car seemed to **SWAY** to the rhythm. I finally spotted a restaurant. **PHEW!** Ana abruptly stopped in front of it. I flew off the handle of the car, straight into a signpost. I hit it with a loud *thud!*

THUDDDDDD!

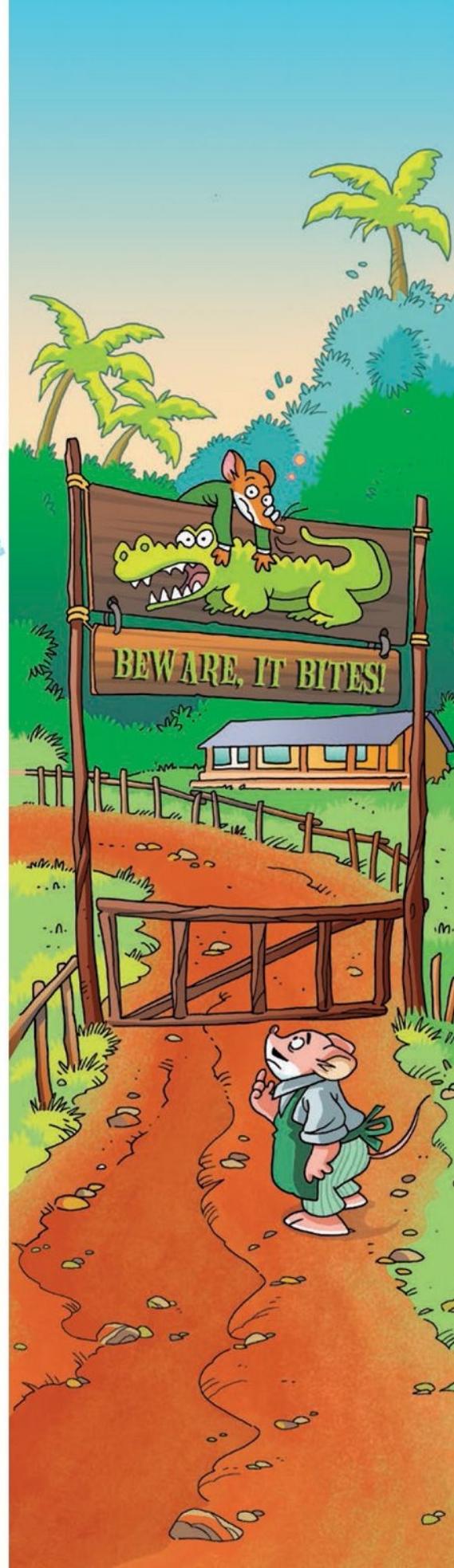


When I climbed down from the **SIGNPOST**, I realized it read:

BEWARE, IT BITES!

I didn't have time to ask for an explanation because a short rodent with **shiny** oiled **whiskers** pushed me inside the restaurant. It was **ANTÓN CHEFRAT**, the owner. I noticed he surreptitiously **winked** at Ana, and she winked back. Then he **LOOKED** me up and down and turned to Thiago.

"Hmm," he mumbled.
"Do you think he can?"



VAMOOOOOS!



“HE’S GOT TO!” Thiago answered.

Antón Chefrat shrugged and mumbled, “We’ll see. . . .”

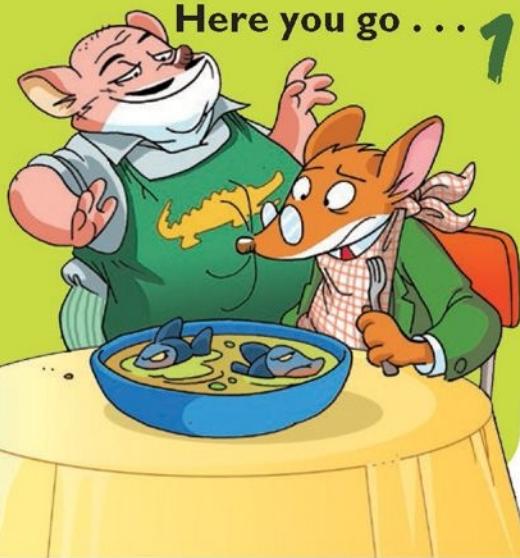
He shimmied to the kitchen to the rhythm of the **samba** beat playing on the radio and returned with a steaming dish in one hand and a **STRANGE** entrée in the other.

“What did you **bring** me?” I asked curiously.

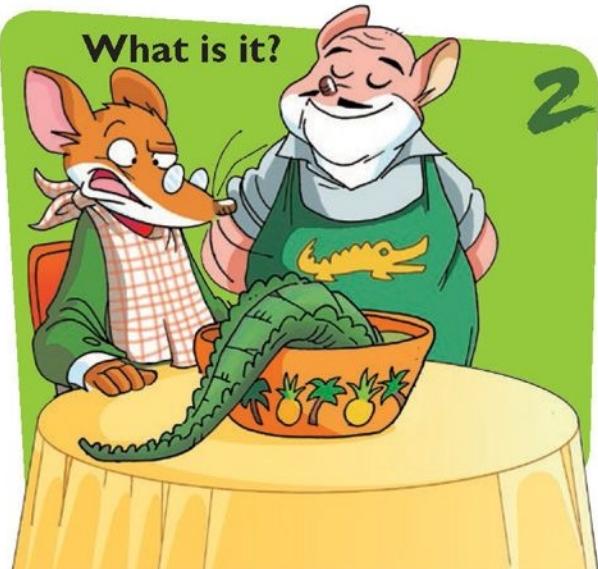
“Be quiet and eat!” he ordered.

So I began **EATING** as the three of them stared at me.

1 **Here you go . . .**



2 **What is it?**





I felt very **embarrassed**.

“Why are you staring at me?” I asked.
“What am I eating?”

Antón just **grinned**.

“Yummy! Not bad,” I said as I finished eating and licked my whiskers. “In fact, it was really **good**! So tell me: What did I eat?”

“The first dish was **piranha** soup,” Antón said with another grin. “And the second one was **ALLIGATOR** tail!”

I was about to **Faint**, but I didn’t have a chance.

“Before you leave, we **ABSOLUTELY** must take a keepsake **PHOTO**,” my friends exclaimed excitedly as they pushed me out of the restaurant.

They dragged me to a shop next door. It was **long** and **narrow** with lots of glass



display cases along its walls. I thought it was an **odd** place because even though it was a store, I couldn't figure out what it sold. The owner, a small and **SKINNY** rodent who was constantly laughing, came to **MEET** us. He started a long explanation in **PORTUGUESE**. He spoke very fast, so I couldn't understand a thing. At the end, he began giggling and repeating one word.

“Jibóia, jibóia, jibóia!”

Then he stretched out a hand in one of the display cases and took out a **HUGE** snake. It was the **longest** snake I had ever seen! Frozen feta, so that was the *jibóia*!

He placed it around my neck like a scarf as everyone talked all at once very **excitedly** and happily. Then he pulled out a camera and took my photo.

I turned as **PALe** as a slice of mozzarella.

VAMOOOOOS!



“How do you say ‘**I'M ABOUT TO FAINT?**’ in Portuguese?” I asked Ana.

Finally, after taking about a **million** photos, they freed me from the snake!





I WON'T GET LOST!

The following day at **Dawn**, the time came for me to leave and continue the search for Wild Willie and Maya. Thiago and Ana explained how to get to the **Bororo** village deep in the Pantanal. Then they pointed to it on my **map**. It looked very simple and straightforward, and it wasn't too far from where we were. I figured I could walk there in only a few hours.

I said my **thanks** and farewells to my friends.

“Geronimo, are you sure you'll be able to find the **ROAD** to the village?” Ana asked with a serious face.

“Of course,” I replied. “I'll be there before **NIGHTFALL!**”



“But are you sure you won’t get lost?” Thiago asked. “The **RAINY** season has just ended and some paths may still be underwater. You might get **confused!**”

“Of course I won’t get lost!” I replied. “I have the map you gave me, and it looks very **SIMPLE!**”

They just **shook** their heads.

“Well, just be sure not to be in the **Pantanal** after sunset,” Ana warned. “It’s **DANGEROUS!**”

“I won’t get lost,” I replied confidently. “I’m very **CONFIDENT!**”

I said good-bye and walked boldly down the path leading into the Pantanal. I had really become an **adventurous** mouse!

Wild Willie and Maya would be so proud of me!





I entered the **FOREST**, and every so often stopped to check the road on the map. There were all sorts of amazing **MULTICOLORED** birds all around me. I decided to take a few **PHOTOS** to show my dear nephew Benjamin when I got home. I was so taken by everything that I didn't notice the **SUN** beginning to set. In no time at all, I found myself alone in the dark in the **heart** of the forest. It was exactly what Ana had told me to **AVOID**! Only then did I understand how **foolish** I had been. I had been overconfident in my **abilities**, and I hadn't listened to those who loved me and had tried to warn me. As it got darker, **TERRIFYING** sounds filled the **NIGHT** air.

I took refuge under a tree and began to

I WON'T



GET LOST!

“I got lost!” I wailed. “I’m alooooooooone!
I was so foolish!”

It was **useless**. No one could hear me. I would have to spend the night alone in the **wild** forest.

But then a second later, the foliage around the tree parted. A tiny face with a **CURIOUS** expression peeked out from between two leaves.





MY NAME IS COLIBRÌ!

The face belonged to a tiny mouselet. She wore a necklace of **shiny** red-and-black berries, and **MULTICOLORED** feathers were woven throughout her fur. Her **bright** eyes peered at me with a sincere and honest gaze.





She spoke to me in a language I didn't understand. When she saw my puzzled **expression**, she repeated it in Portuguese, and I understood.

“My name is **Colibrì**.”

I **smiled** and replied in Portuguese.

“*O meu nome é Stilton, Geronimo Stilton!*”

Ana's **LESSONS** sure had come in handy! Colibrì smiled again and invited me to follow her. She started down a long path that took us **DEEPER** into the forest. We walked through the dense foliage by the light of the **moon** as my new friend proudly explained the secrets of that extraordinary natural habitat.

We walked and walked until we came to a small village in a clearing. It was very **QUIET**, and everyone was sleeping peacefully.



Macaw



Howler monkey



Jabiru



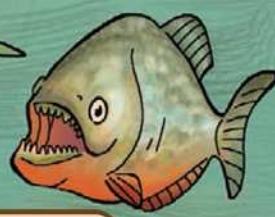
Tapir



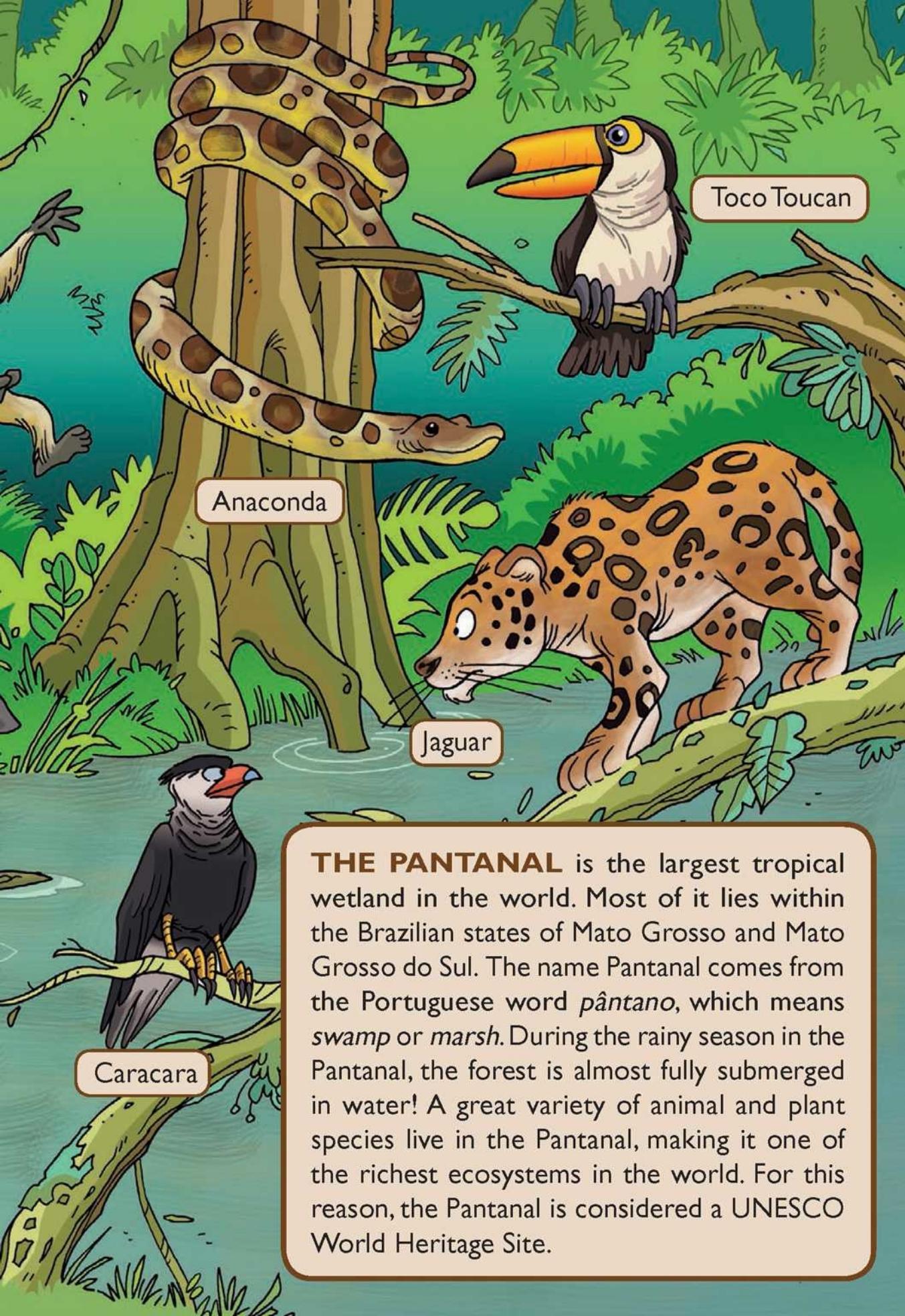
Caiman



Capybara



Piranha



Toco Toucan

Anaconda

Jaguar

Caracara

THE PANTANAL is the largest tropical wetland in the world. Most of it lies within the Brazilian states of Mato Grosso and Mato Grosso do Sul. The name Pantanal comes from the Portuguese word *pântano*, which means *swamp* or *marsh*. During the rainy season in the Pantanal, the forest is almost fully submerged in water! A great variety of animal and plant species live in the Pantanal, making it one of the richest ecosystems in the world. For this reason, the Pantanal is considered a UNESCO World Heritage Site.



“Come out, everybody!” **Colibri** suddenly shouted. “Geronimo has arrived!”

Sleepy mice began to emerge from the leaf-woven huts. They looked at me **CURIOUSLY**. I noticed that all were either very young or very old mice. How **odd**! Where were the adult rodents of the village?

A wise-looking elderly rodent came toward me.





“We have been waiting for you, Geronimo!” he exclaimed.

“You were waiting for me?” I asked, surprised. “Really? Why?”

“We have been waiting for you!” he repeated. “You are Geronimo, Wild Willie’s friend, correct?”

“Is Wild Willie here?” I asked excitedly.

“No, but several days ago I received a **LETTER** from him saying you’d come to help us,” he told me. “That’s why **we’ve been waiting for you.**”

I was **PUZZLED**. How could I help these mice? I asked for an explanation.

The old rodent led me to a spring of **CLEAR** water and began his story.

“Our people have lived in **peace** since the dawn of time. And since the dawn of time, our people have guarded our most



precious **treasure**: **The Heart of Light**. It is a crystal shaped like a **heart** that emits the purest and most marvelous light. Unfortunately news of this wonderful crystal reached the ears of **Jake Darkmouse**. He's a dishonest rodent who's the leader of a band of ruffians. He and the scoundrels who work for him **chop** down trees in the forest to sell the wood. They replace nature with **CONCRETE** streets and buildings!"

"What happened to the **Heart of Light**?" I asked anxiously.

"One sad day, Jake Darkmouse came and asked to buy the **CRYSTAL**. He wanted to break it into **PIECES** to make souvenirs for tourists. We refused to sell it to him because the **Heart of Light** is part of our traditions."

"Jake Darkmouse didn't give up," the



BORORO

The Bororo people are one of many indigenous populations in Brazil. The Bororo live in the state of Mato Grosso in villages that are made up of houses arranged in concentric circles. In their language, *Bororo* means “village court” or “round village.” At the center of each village, there’s a place where sacred ceremonies are held. This place is called *Baito*, which means “house of men.” The Bororo typically adorn themselves with splendid multicolored headgear made of feathers.



rodent continued with tears in his eyes. “One night he and his thugs arrived with an **ENORMOUSE** helicopter, and they stole the crystal! They **CAPTURED** the rodents of the village who were trying to defend the **Heart of Light**. Darkmouse now keeps them as **PRISONERS**, forcing them to cut down trees!”

“How **terrible!**” I exclaimed. “Now I understand why your village is made up of only older mice and very young mouselets.”

He nodded and then continued his story.

“A few weeks ago, I **wrote** a letter to my old friend Wild Willie and asked for his help. He has come to our defense several times before when we were faced with **INJUSTICE**. He replied and told me he would send *you*: a mouse named **GERONIMO**.”



He looked at me carefully.

“You must be a mouse who’s **VERY** strong, **VERY** cunning, **VERY** courageous, and also **VERY** adventurous. Jake Darkmouse and his henchmice are **VERY**, **VERY** bad rodents!”



DON'T HAMMER THAT MOUSE!

I tried to correct my new friend.

“I hate to **DISAPPOINT** you, but I’m neither strong nor cunning,” I told him **SHEEPISHLY**. “And I’m not at all adventurous! Most of all, I’m not **COURAGEOUS**! In fact, I’m a real scaredy-mouse.”

“Don’t be so **modest**!” answered the elderly mouse. “Wild Willie told us you would deny it, but I know the **truth**.” He winked at me. “I know you’re **the boldest, bravest mouse on Earth!**”

What could I do? He didn’t believe me!

The rodent called Colibri over, and she showed me to an empty hut and wished me a **good night**.



Unfortunately, it was not a good night at all. It was the custom of the rodents in the village to sleep in **hammocks**. But when I tried to lay in mine, it flipped **UPSiDE DOWN!** I fell and bruised my tail.

Only after many **painful** tries did I finally figure out how it worked. In fact, once I got the hang of it, it was very **COMFORTABLE!** But unfortunately, I still couldn't **sleep**. I kept thinking of what the **wise old mouse** had said. I couldn't understand why Wild Willie had told him I was **COURAGEOUS**. But I had to **help** my new friends. I was their last **hope**, and I couldn't **DISAPPOINT** them!



At dawn, I gathered up my courage, said my good-byes, and headed in search of **Jake Darkmouse** and the **Heart of Light**.

Before leaving, I took Colibrì aside.

“I’ll do the best I can, but I’m not sure I’ll succeed,” I whispered to her. “You’ve got to know I’m not what you think I am . . . **I’m just an ordinary mouse!**”

She smiled at me.

“Here’s my advice,” she said. “Have **FAITH**! You’ll see that the **forest** always helps those who **DEFEND** her!”

With those words in my heart, I entered the forest **ALONE**. I roamed for three days but found nothing. I got more tired and **HOPELESS** as I went. Then I remembered Colibrì’s advice.

“I could use some help,” I whispered.

Nothing happened. So I raised my voice



and repeated myself.

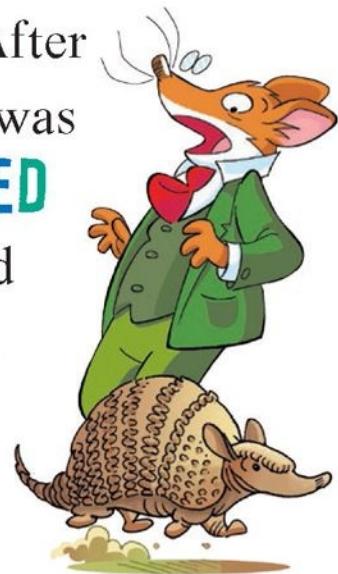
“I could use some **HELP!**” I said.

When nothing happened, I screamed as loud as I could.

“I really need heeeeeeeeelp! Please help meeeeeeee!”

An instant later, something **TUGGED** on my sleeve. I turned and saw a monkey. It seemed to be **pointing** to a path in the forest.

Amazed, I began to **walk** along the path. When I came to a crossroad, I saw a tapir. It seemed to be pointing to the **left** with its snout, so I turned to the left. After walking a bit farther, I was sure I was lost. But then I saw a **MULTICOLORED** butterfly **swoop** in close. It fluttered its wings and moved toward a road. I began walking down the road, and a **YELLOW** armadillo crossed in





front of me, forcing me to bear right. Then a jaguar appeared before me and gave me a huge slap with its **paw**, putting me back on the right **track**!

I continued on until **sunset**, when I heard a tremendous metallic **noise**. I hid in the shrubs and peeked out into a clearing in the woods. I gasped. I was speechless! Bulldozers and tractors were **uprooting** trees, and an enormous **GLIMMERING** crystal sat in the center of the clearing.

Suddenly, a large parrot landed on a branch above my head.



"Crrrrrrystal, crrrrrrystal, crrrrrrystal," the parrot squawked.





Then it disappeared into the forest. I was left hidden in the foliage, unsure of what to do. I peered into the clearing again, and singled out the mouse who seemed to be the **boss**. It had to be Jake Darkmouse! Holey cheese, I was **SCARED** just looking at him!

Then he spoke.

“I am personally going to be the first to break this **huge crystal**,” he said loudly. “I’ll use the first piece to make myself a souvenir keychain! Hee, hee, hee!”

He grabbed a huge **HAMMER**.

“Go, boss! Go, boss! Go, boss!” everyone around him chanted.

He wound up and was about to take a **HUGE** swing with the hammer. I had to do something! I had to defend the **Heart of Light**, no matter what! I put my fears aside,



jumped out of the bush, and ran toward the **CRYSTAL**, throwing myself on top of it.

“You’ll have to go through me to get to this **CRYSTAL!**” I cried.

I closed my eyes and waited. Suddenly, I heard a deep voice.

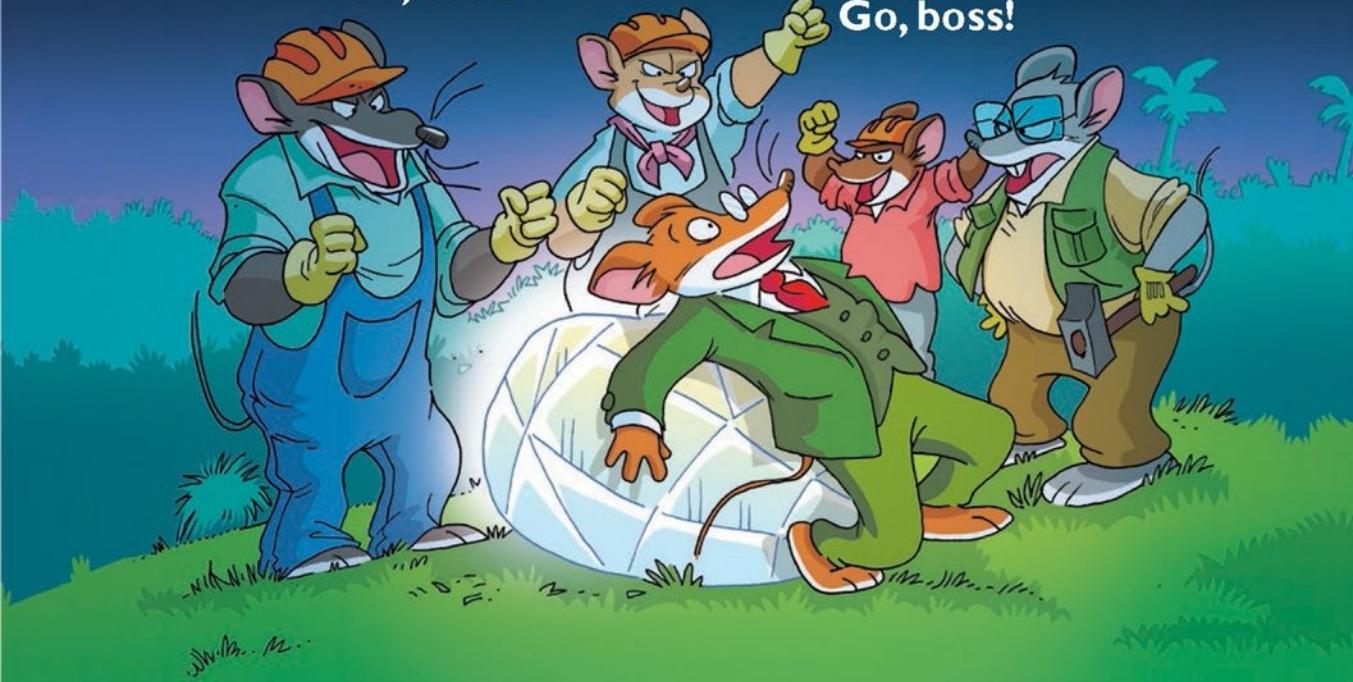
“*Everyone, stop!*” the voice shouted.

My eyes flew open. I knew that squeak! It was **Wild Willie!**

It was really him, in the fur. He did a karate

Go, boss!

Go, boss!





move as he **YELLED** at Jake Darkmouse. “Don’t **hammer** that **MOUSE!**” he cried. “I mean, don’t hammer that **CRYSTAL!**”

Maya appeared behind Wild Willie. Before I could get over my surprise, she took out her whip and yanked the **hammer** out of Jake Darkmouse’s hand!

Behind Maya, I saw a group of Bororos. It was the **young mice** from the village!

Wild Willie and Maya had freed them! Jake Darkmouse realized he was **surrounded**.

“We give up!” he said. “You won!”



DON'T HAMMER



THAT MOUSE!

“I saw the whole thing,” Maya told me.
“Geronimo, you were so **brave!**”

“Th-thank you,” I stammered. My snout turned **purple** with embarrassment. Then I took a step backward and tripped over my own paws! **How mortifying!**





YOU CAME BACK ALIVE, STILTON!

I returned to the village with Wild Willie and Maya, who carried the **Heart of Light**.

When we arrived, Colibrì ran out to **GReet** us.

“Geronimo is back!” she shouted. “And Wild Willie and Maya are here, too! They





have the Heart of Light! **HOORAY!**”

The head of the village came toward me and thanked us **FORMALLY**.

“**HOORAY** for Geronimo!” everyone shouted.
“**HOORAY** for Wild Willie! **HOORAY** for Maya!”

Wild Willie, Maya, and I spent a few more days in the village, but soon it was time for us to go.

I bid my **FAREWELL** to my new friends.
“Thank you for everything,” I told them in Portuguese. “I will never **forget** you. Come visit New Mouse City! I’ll be happy to **host** you in the same wonderful way you hosted me!”

During our flight home, I went over all the **Portuguese** words and expressions I had learned during my **incredible** adventure. When the flight attendant wished me a good trip, I answered her in **perfect**



Portuguese. Ana's lessons had really made me look good!

When the plane landed in New Mouse City, my **family** was there to greet us — my sister Thea, my cousin Trap, and my **dear** little nephew Benjamin. Obviously, Bruce was there as well. He gave me his





usual **CRUSHING** bear hug.

“Welcome home, **CHEESEHEAD!**” he exclaimed.

Wild Willie and Bruce exchanged a knowing **GLANCE**.

“Incredible!” Bruce said as he smoothed his whiskers. “The greenhorn came back **alive!** Go figure!”

I was proud of myself.

“If you only knew all the adventures I lived through!” I told Bruce. “They were extremely **ADVENTUROUS** adventures! You wouldn’t believe me if I told you! Unfortunately, I don’t even have a single **photo**....”

Bruce winked at me.

“Don’t worry about that, Cheesehead!” he said. “Here are the photos!”

“But . . . but . . . who took them?” I



stammered. “I was alone the entire time!” Bruce knocked **playfully** on my head. “Hello, is anybody there?” he asked. “Haven’t you figured it out yet? You were **never** alone: Maya and Wild Willie were with you all along!”



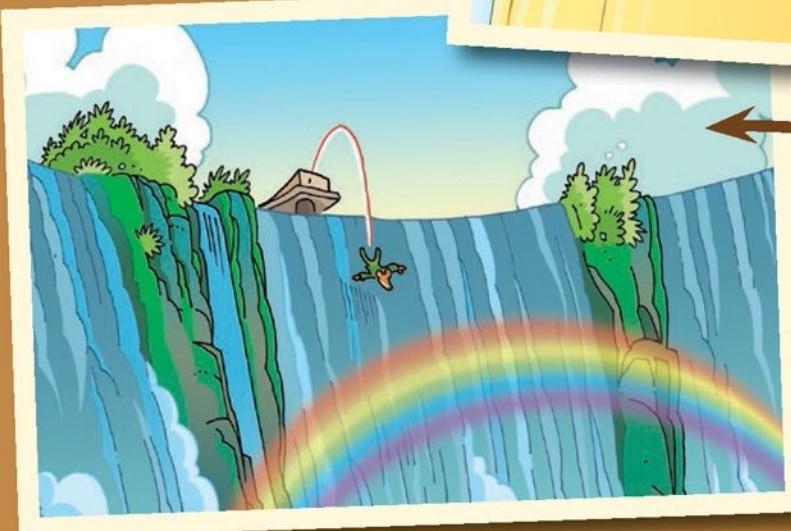
EXTREMELY ADVENTUROUS ADVENTURES



Clinging to
the door of
a speeding
vehicle!



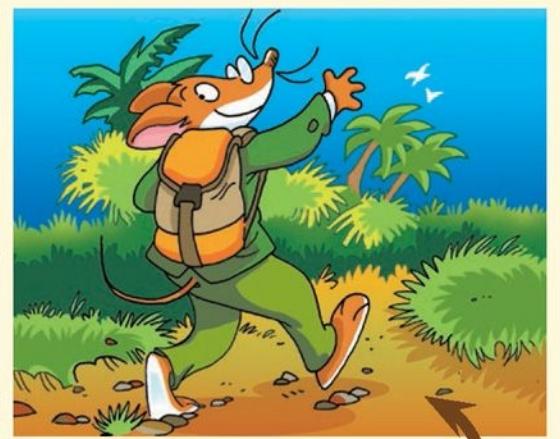
Eating piranha
soup!



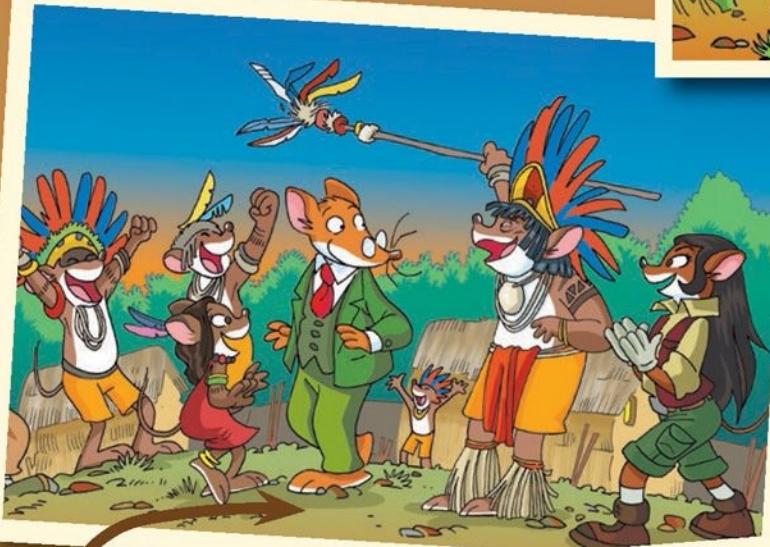
Freefalling over
the Iguazu Falls!



Posing for a photo
with a *jibóia*!



Hiking toward
the Pantanal!



Spending time
with new friends!



Saving the
Heart of
Light!



KNOCK, KNOCK, ANYBODY THERE?

I was stunned. Had all of my adventures been organized by my friends?

“But I — I mean, you — that is, we —” I stammered.

Bruce **KNOCKED** on my head again. “Knock, knock, anybody there?” he asked. “We **abandoned** you on purpose so you could survive all on your own. You danced the samba, lived through the falls, ate piranha soup, and had a **HUGE SNAKE** around your neck! Aren’t you at least a **tiny** bit grateful?”

Wild Willie chuckled as he stroked his whiskers.

“With all the effort we put in, of course



you should be thankful! A **rookie** like you could never have gotten such beautiful **ADVENTURE** photos all by himself! If I hadn't taken your wall —”

Bruce cut him off with a sharp elbow to the ribs.

“**Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!**”

Maya scolded him.

Suddenly, everything was **CLEAR** to me. “You took my wallet and left me stranded in a **FOREIGN** country!” I shouted. “How could you do that to me? Some **FRIENDS** you are!”

Bruce **SLAPPED** me on the shoulder.

“Yep, Cheesehead, that's right!” he said with a chuckle. “And that makes us some of the **best** friends you'll ever have! We worked hard to make sure your **CHALLENGES** would be more exciting!”



KNOCK, KNOCK,

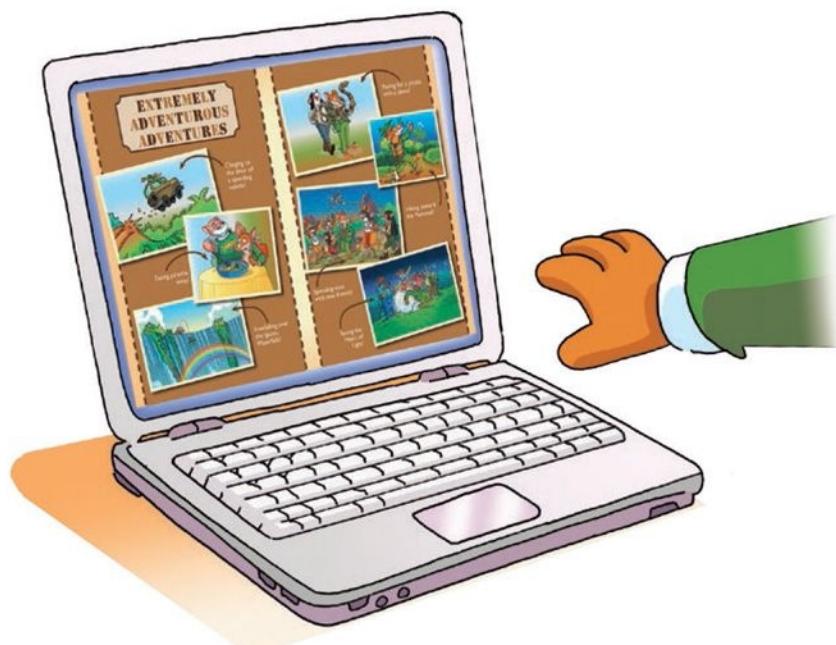


ANYBODY THERE?

Maya opened her laptop and turned the screen toward me.

“Check it out, Geronimo,” she said. “Your new **Mousebook** page is up!”

The site appeared on the screen, full of the **adventurous** photos of me that my friends had taken during my trip. I also saw the comments that were beginning to **POUR** in from all over Mouse Island. They were from **friends** and **relatives**,





and from **RODENTS** who had read my books.

“*Congratulations, Geronimo!*”

“Well done, G!”

“I didn’t know that you could be so **courageous**, Geronimo!”

And: “You’re really an **ADVENTUROUS** mouse, Geronimo!”

A little while later, my cell phone began to **ring**. My friends were all calling to compliment me on my **incredible** adventure!

I turned to my travel companions.

“Thank you for all you have done for me,” I said sincerely. “I know you did it with the best **intentions** in the world, even if at the **moment** I didn’t understand it. The result is **AMAZING**! My new Mousebook page is so much more **EXCITING** and



bold than my *boring* old one! And thanks to all of you, I've discovered a *wonderful* country and made *fabumouse* new friends! This was a trip I'll never forget!"



Go FIGURE!

It was then I decided to write a **BOOK** about my Brazilian **adventure**. It's the book you're reading right now. I hope you like it!

Soon after the book was published, I received a phone call from the **FAMOUSE** Brazilian film director **OSCAR MOUSO!**

“*Senhor Geronimo, I read your book and I liked it **a lot**. You showed what an adventurous country Brazil is!*”

I thanked him for the **generous** compliment.

“So, *Senhor Geronimo, what do you say about having the **LEADING ROLE** in a film based in Brazil?*”

I was shocked.

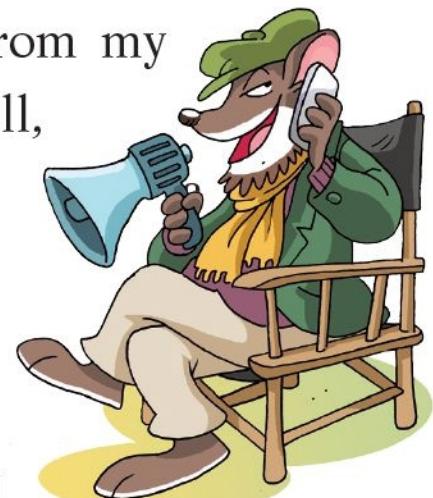


“But . . . but . . . I’m not an actor!” I replied.

“Even better, *Senhor Geronimo*, even better!” he said with a chuckle. “I want **YOU**, only you, and just you, because you are a very **NORMAL** mouse who became a very adventurous mouse!”

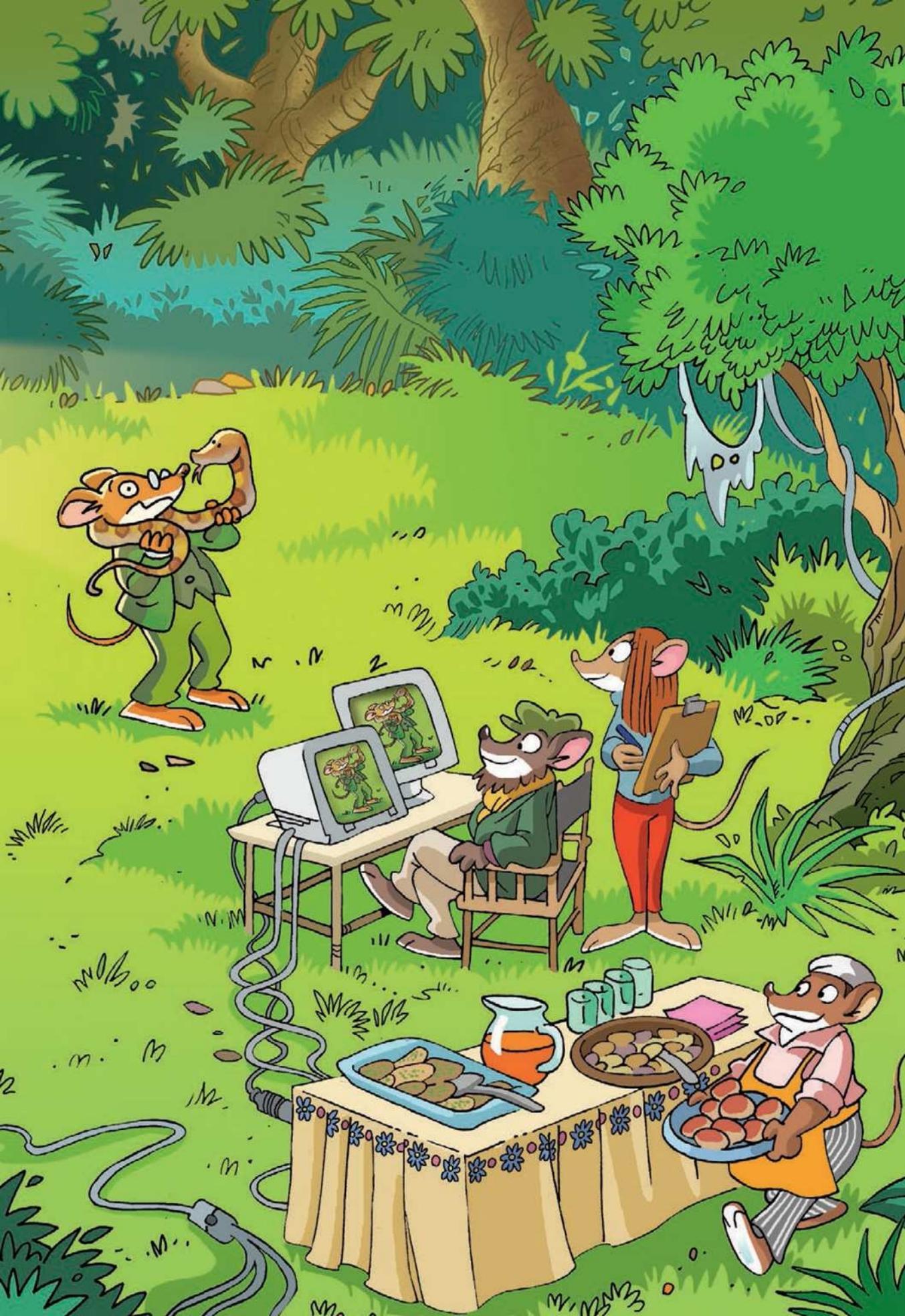
And that’s how I ended up **BACK** in Brazil filming a movie! The **best** part was that I got to see all my Brazilian friends again. When the film was done, there was a screening in New Mouse City. It was incredibly **SUCCESSFUL**!

I learned so many things from my adventure in Brazil. First of all, I **learned** that sometimes an **unfortunate** event can turn out to be extremely **fortunate**! If I hadn’t been left in Rio penniless, I never would



Oscar Mouso







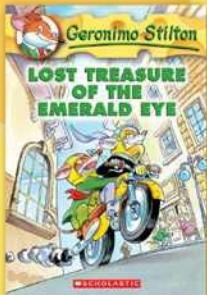
have gotten to dance the **Samba** during Carnival! And I also learned that nothing is **IMPOSSIBLE** with the help of true friends. What would I have done without all those rodents who welcomed me with so much **WARMTH** and **hospitality**? Finally, I realized that real danger is not finding oneself with a snake around one's neck, but living a **boring**, monotonous life without ever trying anything **NEW**!

Luckily, I have some of the **BEST** friends in the world. Bruce Hyena, Wild Willie, and Maya knew what I needed even better than I did — an amazing **adventure**! Thanks for reading all about my **FABUMOUSE** trip to Brazil, and I'll see you next time!

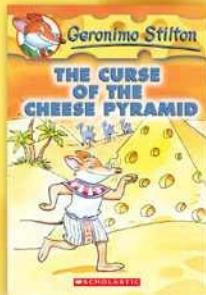




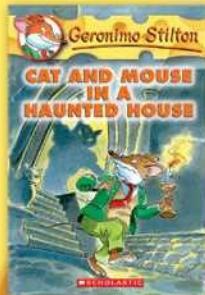
Be sure to read all my fabumouse adventures!



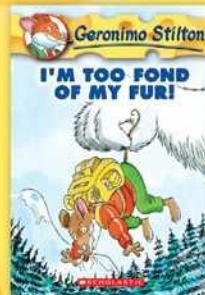
#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



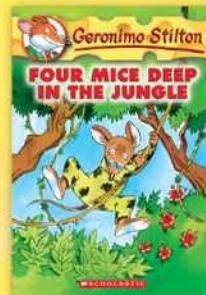
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



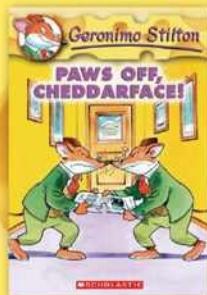
#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



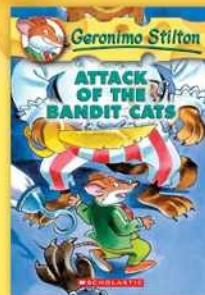
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



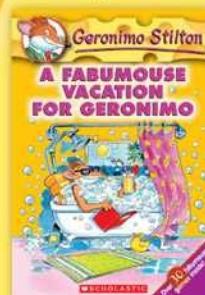
#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



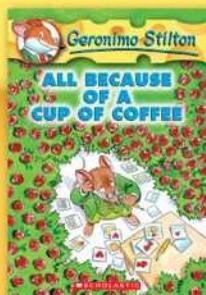
#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



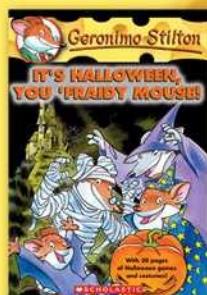
#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



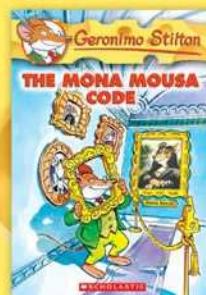
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



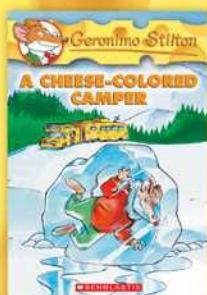
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



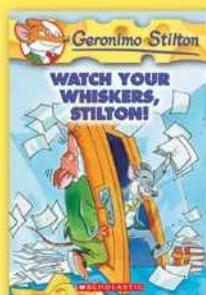
#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



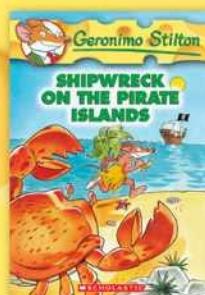
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



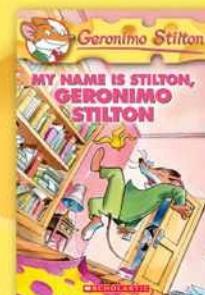
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



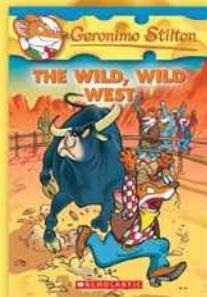
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



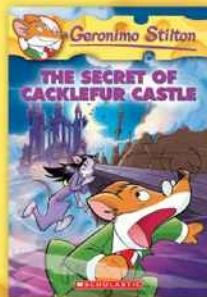
#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



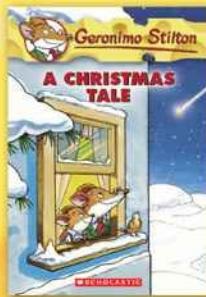
#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



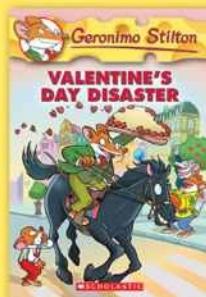
#21 The Wild, Wild West



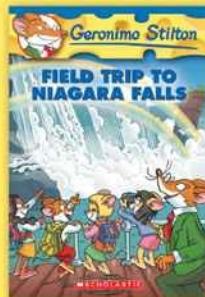
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



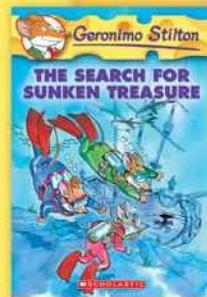
A Christmas Tale



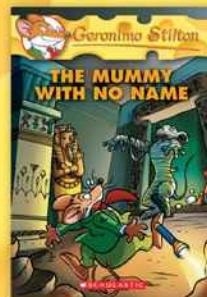
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



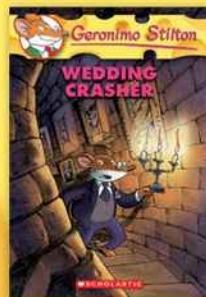
#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



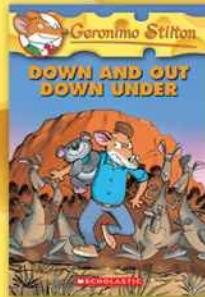
#26 The Mummy with No Name



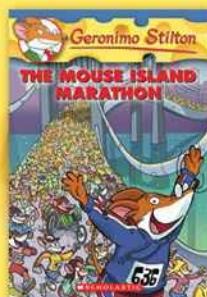
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



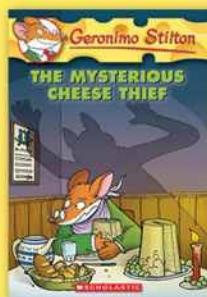
#28 Wedding Crashers



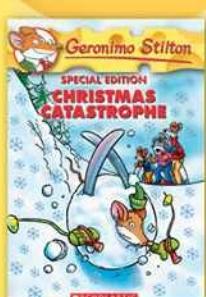
#29 Down and Out Down Under



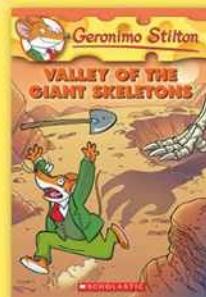
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



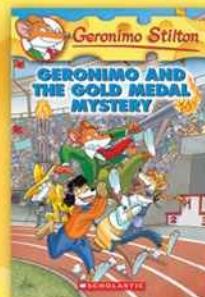
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



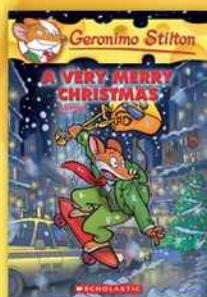
#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



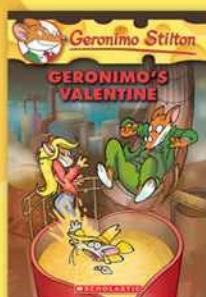
#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



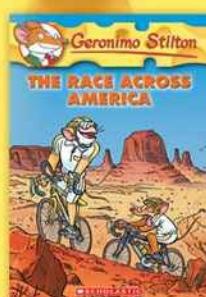
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



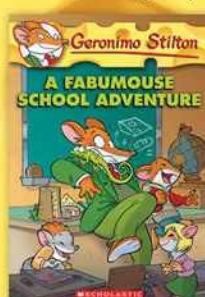
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



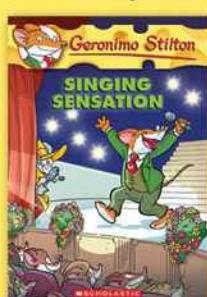
#36 Geronimo's Valentine



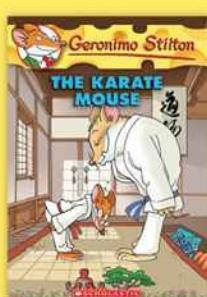
#37 The Race Across America



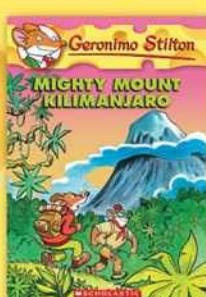
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



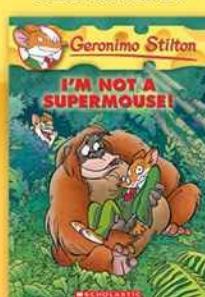
#40 The Karate Mouse



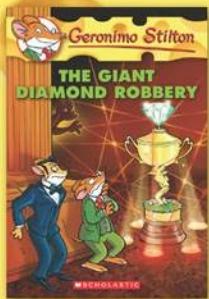
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



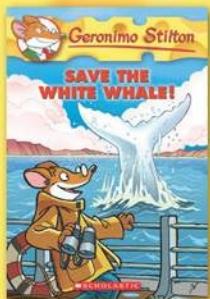
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



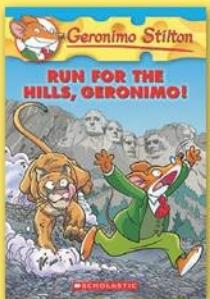
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



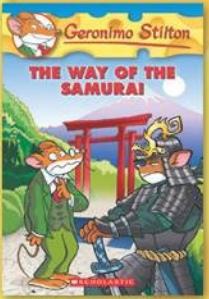
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



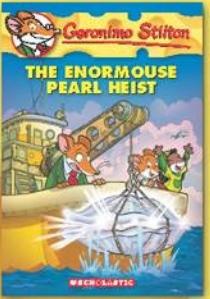
#48 The Mystery in Venice



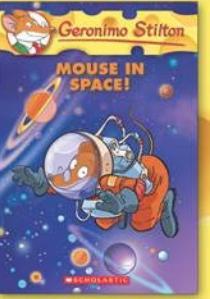
#49 The Way of the Samurai



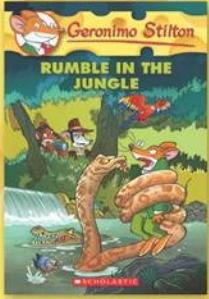
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



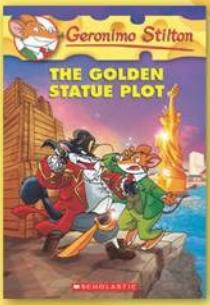
#52 Mouse in Space!



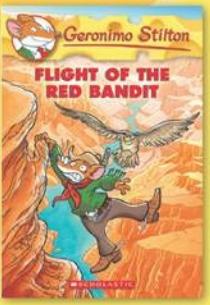
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



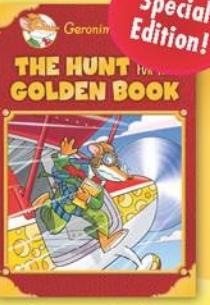
#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



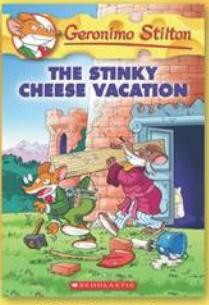
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



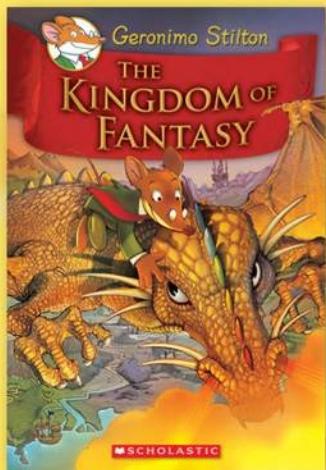
The Hunt for the Golden Book



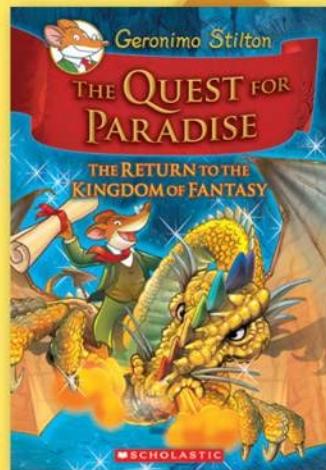
#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



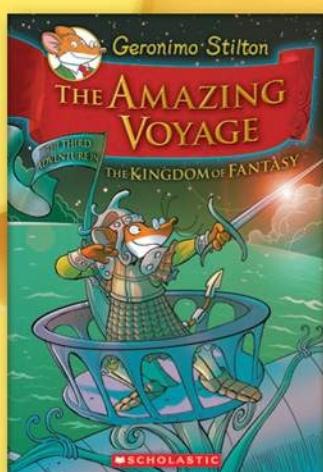
Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



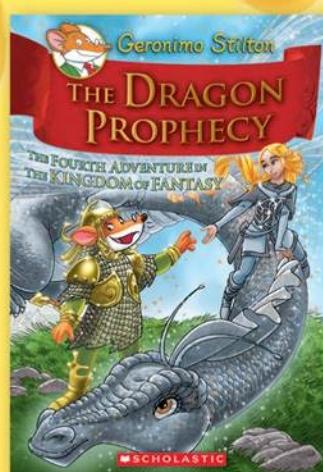
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



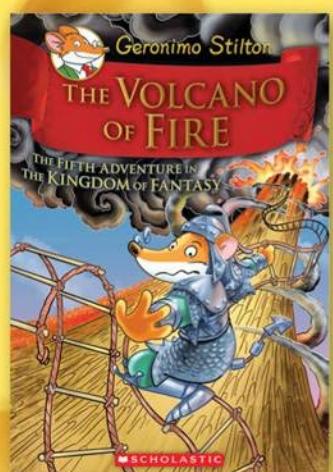
THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



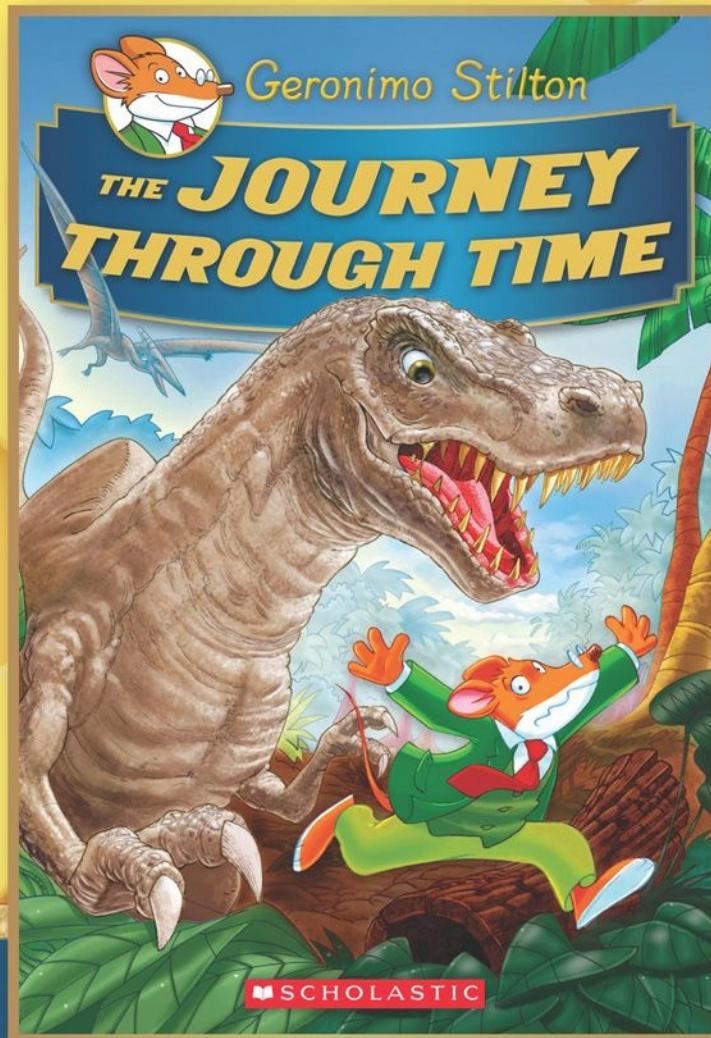
THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



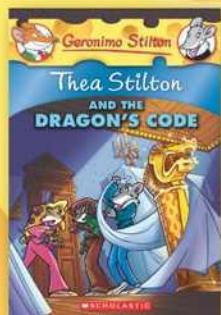
Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



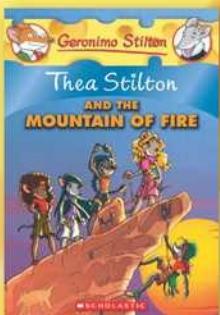
THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



**Don't miss
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



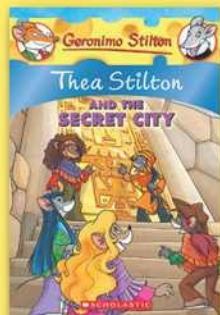
Thea Stilton and the Dragon's Code



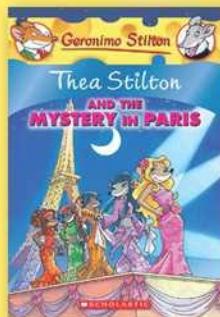
Thea Stilton and the Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the Ghost of the Shipwreck



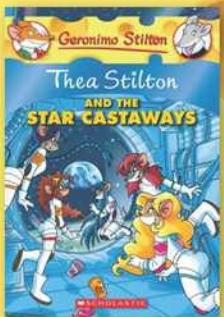
Thea Stilton and the Secret City



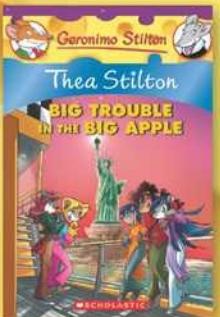
Thea Stilton and the Mystery in Paris



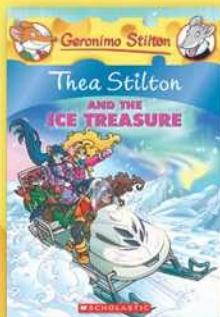
Thea Stilton and the Cherry Blossom Adventure



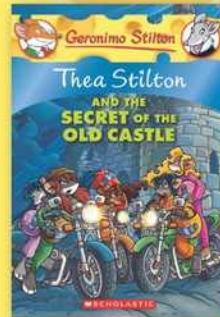
Thea Stilton and the Star Castaways



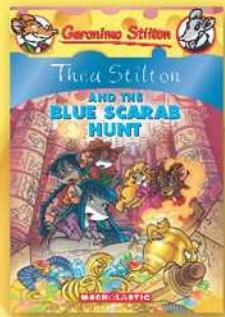
Thea Stilton: Big Trouble in the Big Apple



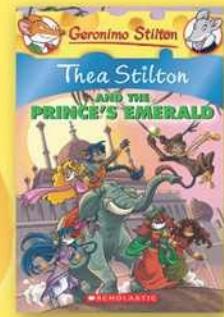
Thea Stilton and the Ice Treasure



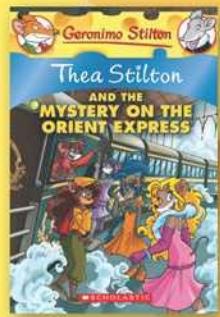
Thea Stilton and the Secret of the Old Castle



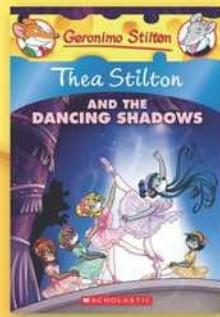
Thea Stilton and the Blue Scarab Hunt



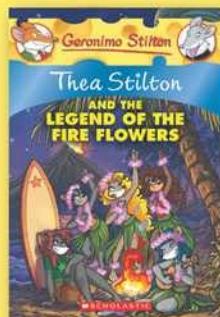
Thea Stilton and the Prince's Emerald



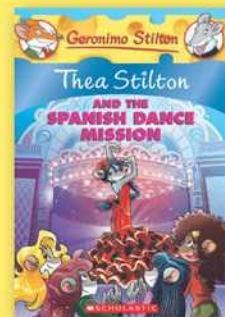
Thea Stilton and the Mystery on the Orient Express



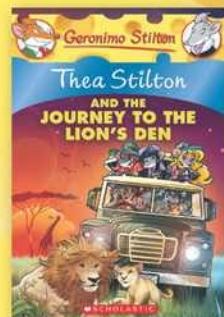
Thea Stilton and the Dancing Shadows



Thea Stilton and the Legend of the Fire Flowers



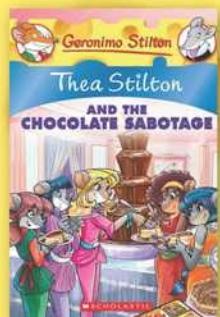
Thea Stilton and the Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the Journey to the Lion's Den



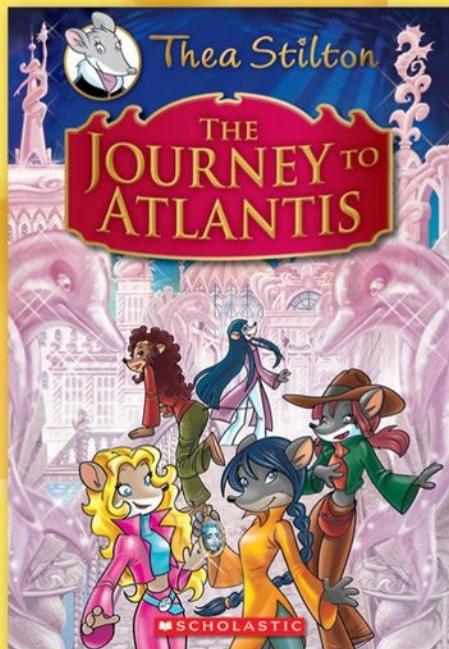
Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



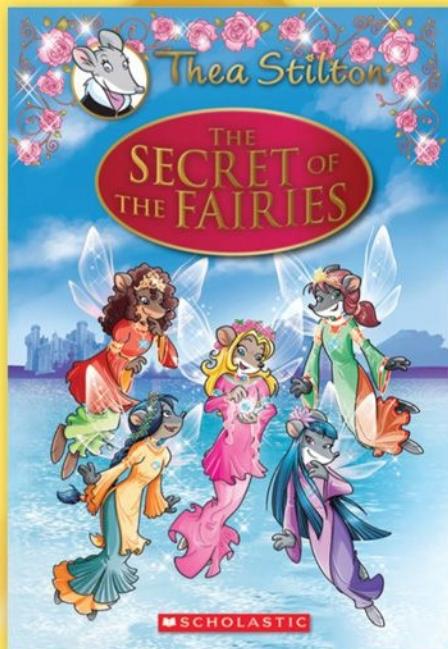
Thea Stilton and the Chocolate Sabotage



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS

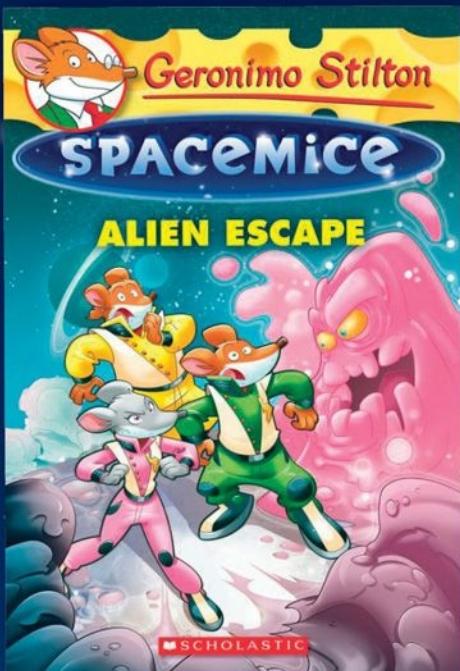


THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES

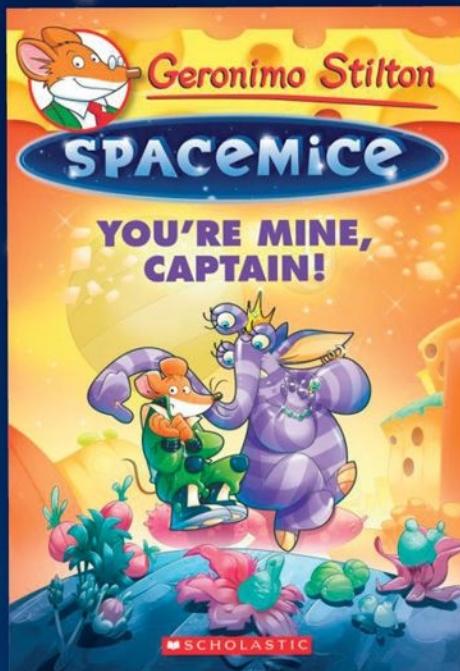
Meet GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship MouseStar 1. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape

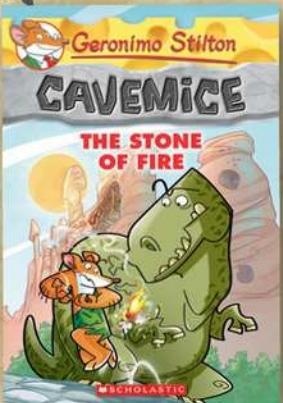


#2 You're Mine, Captain!

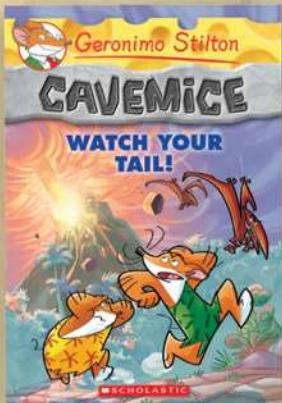


Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

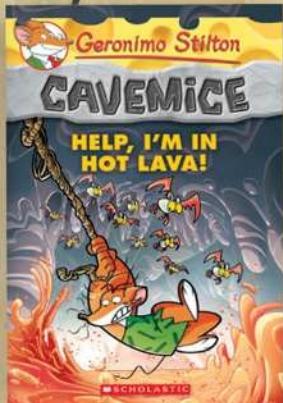
He is a **cavemouse**—Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



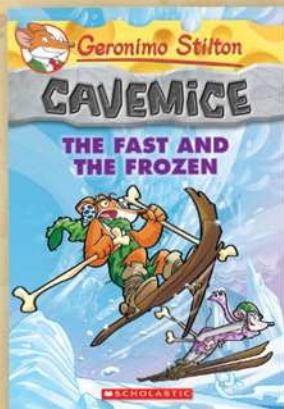
#1 The Stone of Fire



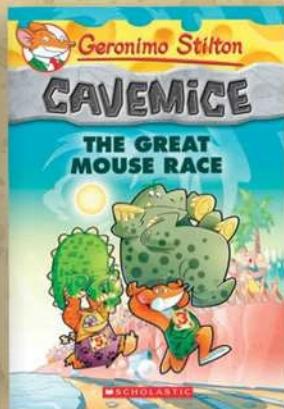
#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen

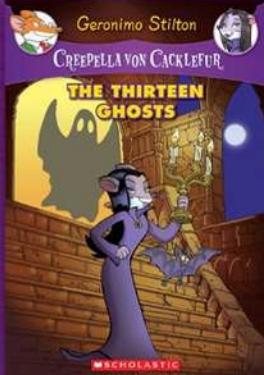


#5 The Great Mouse Race

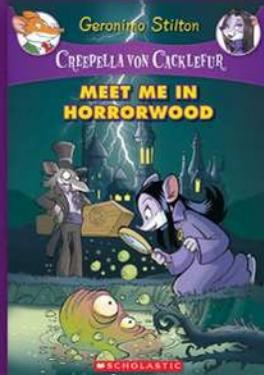


Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

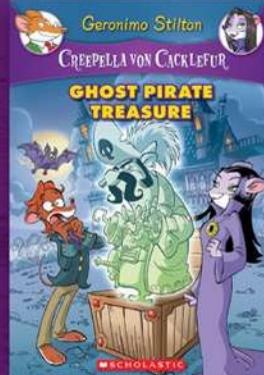
I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



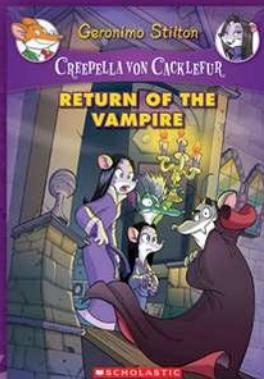
#1 The Thirteen Ghosts



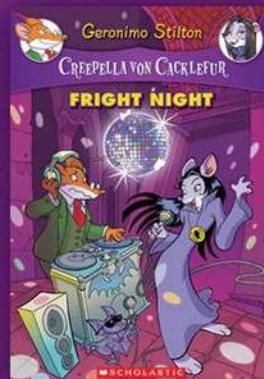
#2 Meet Me in Horrorwood



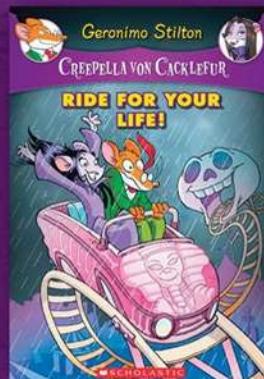
#3 Ghost Pirate Treasure



#4 Return of the Vampire



#5 Fright Night



#6 Ride for Your Life

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

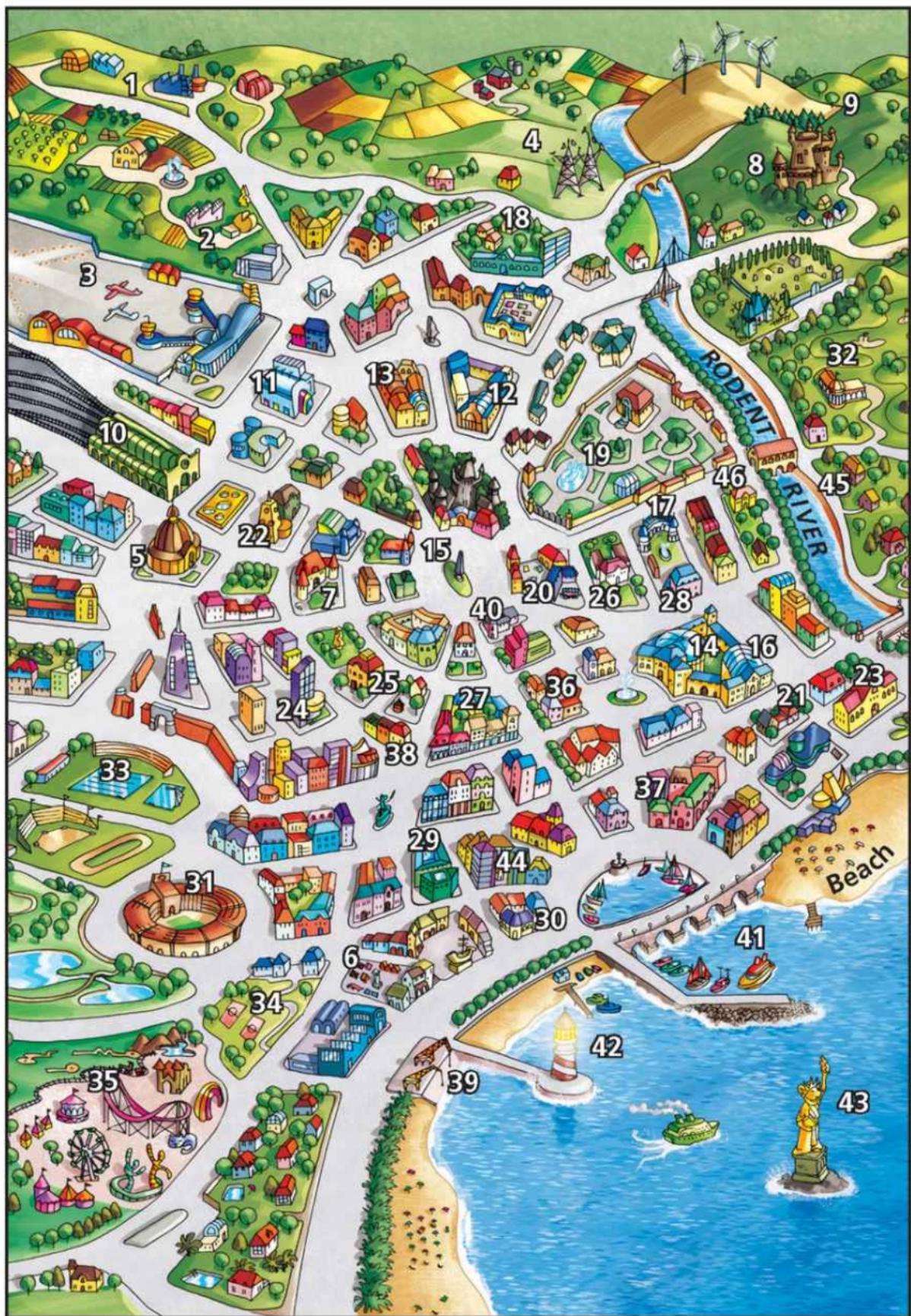
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



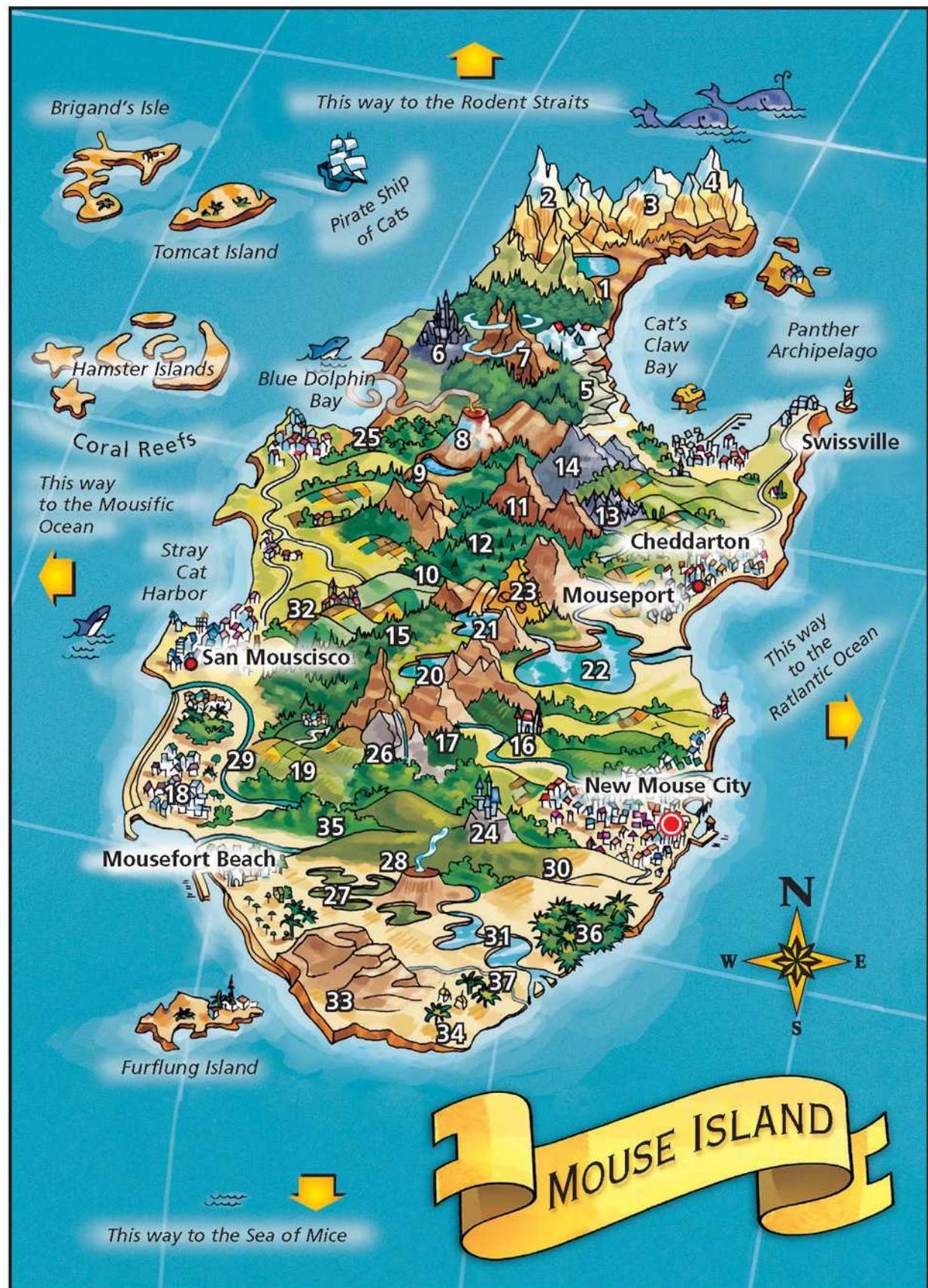
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



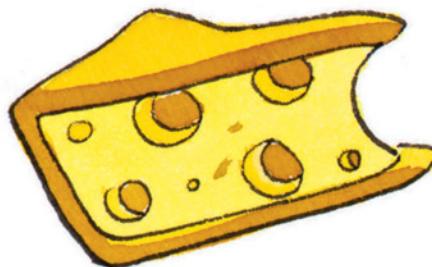
Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House



Map of Mouse Island

1. Big Ice Lake	21. Lake Lakelake
2. Frozen Fur Peak	22. Lake Lakelakelake
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier	23. Cheddar Crag
4. Coldcreeps Peak	24. Cannycat Castle
5. Ratzikistan	25. Valley of the Giant
6. Transratania	Sequoia
7. Mount Vamp	26. Cheddar Springs
8. Roastedrat Volcano	27. Sulfurous Swamp
9. Brimstone Lake	28. Old Reliable Geyser
10. Poopedcat Pass	29. Vole Vale
11. Stinko Peak	30. Ravingrat Ravine
12. Dark Forest	31. Gnat Marshes
13. Vain Vampires Valley	32. Munster Highlands
14. Goose Bumps Gorge	33. Mousehara Desert
15. The Shadow Line Pass	34. Oasis of the
16. Penny Pincher Castle	Sweaty Camel
17. Nature Reserve Park	35. Cabbagehead Hill
18. Las Ratayas Marinas	36. Rattytrap Jungle
19. Fossil Forest	37. Rio Mosquito
20. Lake Lake	



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

I, Geronimo Stilton, was off to the wildest part of Brazil — the Amazon jungle! I ended up on a hunt for a rare crystal treasure, which was stolen from a native tribe in the heart of the forest. I'd encounter alligators, snakes, piranhas, and other dangers on my way. Holey cheese! What an adventure!

 **SCHOLASTIC**

www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton



More leveling information for this book:
www.scholastic.com/readinglevel